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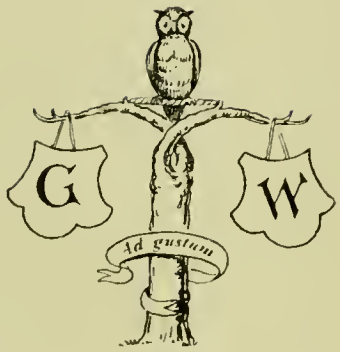
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.



1899.

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BONES, MOLARS, AND BRIEFS.

1899.



DEDICATED

TO THE

FACULTIES

OF

MEDICINE,
DENTISTRY and
LAW

OF THE

UNIVERSITY
OF
MARYLAND



Bones, Molars and Briefs

'99.

Published by

The Senior Classes

of the Several Schools

of

University of Maryland

Preface.

"CAVEAT EMPTOR."—"*Let the buyer beware.*"

——Legal Maxim.

◆

TO the uninitiated, the undertaking of a College Annual seems but child's play. The sharp poniard of the critic is forever on the alert to stab the slightest slip or ridicule the merest misnomer. Our experience has taught us, gentle reader, that "things are not what they seem." Bear with us in this issue, which, though fraught at the outset with difficulties, has finally triumphed over all obstacles, and now goes forth to meet the censorious eye of an enlightened student-body. It is our *desideratum* that

Your BONES be hardy,
Your MOLARS, unachy,
Your BRIEFS, erudite.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



Ra! Ra! Re!
Un-i-V of M-D,
Rah!

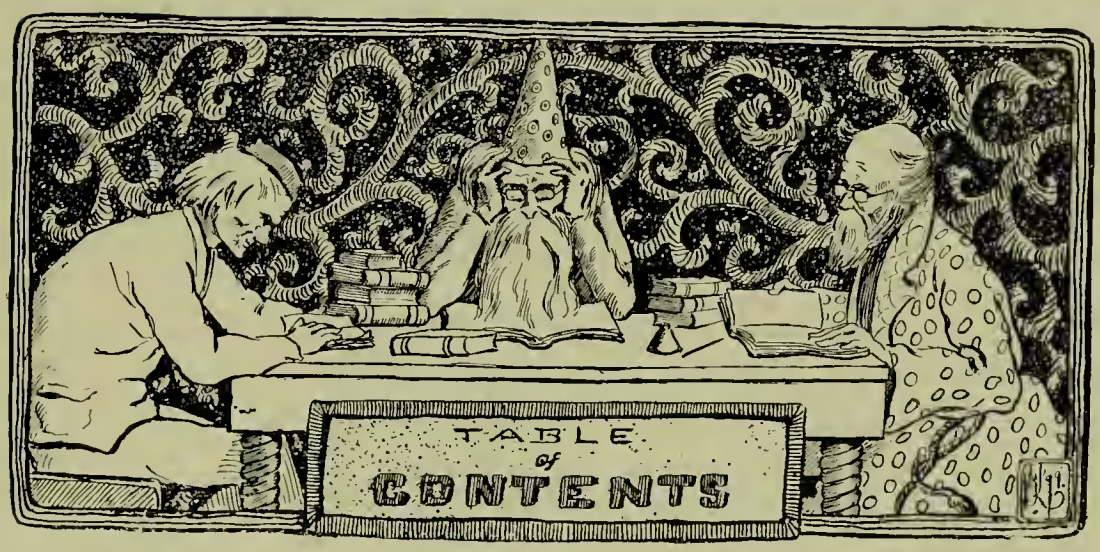
Chippe, go re, go ri, go rack!
Maroon and Black, Maroon and Black!
Helle go lunk, go lunk, go lee!
Un-i-V, of M-D!
Sis, boom, ah!

Ra! Ra! Re!
Who are we!
Un-i-V, of M-D!
Sis, boom, ah!

Hickey, Hackey, Hockey,
Sis, boom, ah!
Maryland, Maryland!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hippity Hus, Hippity Hus!
What t'ell's matter with us?
Nothin 't all, Nothin 't all!
We 're the boys who play football.

Rif! Raf! Ruf!
Rif! Raf! Ruf!
University of Maryland!
Is pretty hot stuff!



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"But
there
are
others."



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Our Energetic Business Manager.

MR. AUGUSTUS C. BINSWANGER was educated in the public schools of Baltimore City. He attended the Baltimore City College for three years, and left in his sophomore year to prepare for the Johns Hopkins University. He was graduated at the Johns Hopkins in 1896 with the degree of bachelor of arts. Mr. Binswanger next took up the study of the law, and was graduated at the University of Maryland, School of Law, in June, 1899. He has been very prominent in Republican politics in the Fifteenth ward, making numerous speeches for his party. Mr. Binswanger is quite a humorist, and his dialectic work is well known among the churches in and around Baltimore. While at the Baltimore City College he was the recipient of the Wight medal for proficiency in elocution, which is yearly given for the best declamatory rendition at a contest held by the two literary societies at the College—the Bancroft and the Carrollton, to the latter of which Mr. Binswanger belonged.

To his energetic business ability and popularity, the success and efficiency of the '99 Year Book is greatly indebted.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



Thomas L. Bales

Severn Teackle Wallis.

BY THOMAS S. BAER, ESQ., OF THE BALTIMORE BAR.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS was, for many years prior to his death in 1894, the Provost of the University. The Bench and Bar assembled to do honor to his memory and adopted a memorial minute, to be entered upon the records of the Supreme Bench, to this effect :

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Severn Teackle Wallis, the Bar of Maryland has lost its brightest ornament, his friends, a cherished and revered companion, and the State, its noblest citizen."

Chief Justice Harlan, in responding for the Bench, in part, used this language :

"The acknowledged leader of the bar has fallen. Equally pre-eminent as a lawyer, orator, patriot, Severn Teackle Wallis has passed away. But the influence of his life remains. He occupied so conspicuous a place at the bar and in the community ; he united, in his remarkable personality, so much that fills the mind with admiration and the heart with affection ; he was such a personification of lofty ideals ; he was so high-minded, so cultured, so versatile, so accomplished, so knightly, so noble, so faithful in the performance of duty, so courageous, so contemptuous of all that was ignoble, so unsparing of himself in any cause that he espoused; he did so much to raise the standards of professional and public life; he was so ready to enlist his talents whenever and wherever he believed they would make for right; he was so true to his friends, so attractive in his social qualities, that he has long been justly regarded as illustrating the highest type of our profession, a model as well as an inspiration to all who have known him, and to those who shall come after him."

These proceedings, together with addresses made by members of the bar and the response from Chief Justice Robinson, of the Court of Appeals, will be found in Volume 77 of the *Maryland Reports.*

At the time of his death the managers or directors of the many associations and institutions, educational, charitable and semi-political, with which he was connected, met and adopted resolutions or minutes of similar import, to be entered upon their records.

He, of whom this superlative eulogy could be spoken, must, indeed, have been a man among men.

When the writer was asked to contribute something to this publication, it occurred to him that nothing could be more appropriate than to call the attention of the students of the University to some of those traits of character in the one who was so long its head, which could cause such universal encomiums. It is not the purpose of this article to add—if that were possible—to the unstinted praise, spoken and written when he died, but to point out some of the characteristics upon which that praise was based.

Mr. Wallis was seventy-seven years old at the time of his death. He had reached, indeed, for some years had gone beyond, the age when the present and the things of the present, the future, and its developments in the realms of art and science and government are the things that engage the mind. Ordinarily, the thoughts of one, in the decline of life, dwell more in the past than in the activities of the present or the expectations of the future ; the gaze is upon what has been, rather than upon what may be done.

In reading eulogies of Mr. Wallis one is struck, at once, with the absence of any intimation even that he had ceased, by reason of his age or infirmities, to be a present, active, potential personality. The language is " the bar has lost its brightest ornament," not one who " had been its brightest ornament " ; the State, " its noblest citizen," not one who " had been its noblest citizen." The loss expressed is a present bereavement ; his leadership at the bar passes forever only at the time of his death ; the man, whom the people of the State *now* recognize as its noblest citizen, drops into his grave.

It can be truly said of him that he never grew old. No one thought of him as old. His health was always frail, and in his later years his form was somewhat bent, yet even his physical appearance at the close of his life did not convey the idea of age or decrepitude. But his mind to the very last was as alert, as vigorous, as youthful, as it was when in the maturity of his physical powers he had found the Fountain of Youth for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain ; not one, indeed, that would save him from the end appointed unto all men, but which kept him a man, in all the fullness of his powers until the end came. He not only kept at the work which the practice of his profession entailed ; many others do that, and yet grow old both mentally and physically ; but his interest in and active effort to promote every movement that tended to elevate the standard of his profession to render more just and speedy and certain the dispensation of justice, to diffuse knowledge, to encourage art, to expose and drive out corruption from high places, to purify politics, to develop a citizenship founded upon worth and righteousness, never flagged.

And because of this he continued to form new friendships. As the com-

panions of his youth passed away, he drew around him from time to time, men younger than himself. He inspired them with his lofty ideals and "his invincible hope of better things," and was kept young himself by the tribute of their enthusiastic and unselfish devotion.

The friends, whom the minute spoke of as having lost "a cherished and revered companion," were not the few remaining white-haired men who had begun the work of life with him, but those of all ages, some of them the children and grandchildren of his youthful companions, whom he admitted to an intimacy, rendered delightful by his brilliant conversation and generous hospitality.

He never declined to participate in any measure of reform, in any agency for its accomplishment, because he would himself derive no benefit personally from it. In the spring of 1894, while he was sick in bed, only a few weeks before his death, he dictated to his stenographer a letter of great force and power, addressed to the writer of this article, then a member of the House of Delegates, in advocacy of a bill pending in the Legislature, to allow either party to a suit in equity, the right to have the testimony in the case taken orally in Court. He, doubtless, knew full well when he dictated the letter that he never would again appear in Court, but he ungrudgingly gave a portion of his little remaining strength to the accomplishment of this remedial legislation.

It was this constant touch with the present and its activities, this keeping of his face, lighted with faith and hope toward the future with its promises, that, to the mind of the writer, has always seemed one of his most characteristic traits.

Mr. Wallis was noted for his brilliant wit, and it has been frequently regretted that the many witty remarks made by him in conversation, in his arguments in Court, his public addresses and political speeches, which will soon pass from the memories of those who now repeat them, could not be gathered together and put in some permanent form.

It may be interesting to give several of these, simply as examples of this rare power, possessed by him in so eminent a degree.

Shortly after his return from his imprisonment for fourteen months in Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, at the outbreak of the Civil War, he was arguing a case in the Superior Court before Judge Martin. The latter was an able Judge, but a very austere and eccentric man. He was an intense supporter of the Government in its war with the South. Mr. Wallis, who had been largely instrumental in the elevation of Judge Martin to the Bench, told the writer of this article that, when he returned from Fort Warren, Judge Martin seemed at first to hesitate whether he should recognize him

at all, but finally gave him the most distant bow, as if anything more would compromise the Judge's reputation for loyalty. It was before this Judge that the argument was being made. A decision of Lord Eldon had been quoted by the counsel opposed to Mr. Wallis, which the latter admitted was against him, but said it stood alone, and was at variance with the current of authority, both in England and in this country. Mr. Wallis added that it was an example, not without a parallel, of how a great Judge could sometimes go very far wrong. He then said: "One of the most remarkable instances of this is the opinion of Judge Story, in a case where a man was convicted of piracy and sentenced to be hung, that he could not grant a new trial, because the Constitution said that a man should not be placed twice in jeopardy of his life." Mr. Wallis then added, as with a sudden gesture he caught the eye of the Judge, while his own eyes flashed fire: "It seems to me, if Your Honor please, that our friends in that part of the country, from which Judge Story comes, have a high regard for the Constitution when it enables them to hang somebody." The turn was so sudden and unexpected that it was a moment before the point was appreciated by those present, while the face of the Judge was a study to behold.

In a political speech Mr. Wallis was discussing the qualifications of a candidate for the sheriffalty, on the ticket which he was opposing. This gentleman kept a hotel called the Niagara House, and the records of the Court showed that he had been several times indicted for selling liquor on Sunday. Mr. Wallis pointed out that, as the Sheriff's duty was to execute the law against such offenders, whatever might be the candidate's qualifications for other positions, he should not be elected to the one for which he was nominated. "I am afraid," said he, "that in dealing with such violations of the law he would have cataracts on his eyes."

He convulsed the Supreme Court of the United States in a case where the proceeding was to set aside a conveyance as having been made in fraud of creditors. It appeared from the testimony that on the day before the deed was made the grantor and grantee had taken a long buggy ride together, and the opposing counsel in his argument had dwelt at length upon this fact as showing fraud. Mr. Wallis said that, at first he had been at a loss to catch the drift of the argument, when it suddenly dawned upon him that the point was that "a buggy is a fraudulent conveyance."

There is probably nothing in the literature of wit that excels the following: Mr. Wallis was delivering the oration at the commencement day of the Johns Hopkins University. The exercises were being held in the Academy of Music on Howard street. A season of grand opera was on there, and a

matinee presenting *Faust* was billed for the afternoon. The proceedings, before Mr. Wallis commenced his address, had been protracted, and before he had finished, it became necessary to surrender the stage for the opera, and to ask him to bring his remarks to a close. He continued for a few moments in a lofty strain, as if he did not intend to heed the admonition, then suddenly stopped, and said : " I am reminded by a message, of a motto which I trust may illustrate the destiny of this great institution, *Opera, non verba.*"

The most conspicuous trait in the character of Mr. Wallis was his high sense of public duty. It was the constraining motive of his life. He never held public position, and yet, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, he was the State's " noblest citizen." At one time in his life he undoubtedly had political aspirations, hope of filling some high place with benefit to his country and credit to himself. It was undoubtedly owing to his constant refusal to sacrifice principle to expediency, to acquiesce in questionable methods in political management, to his equally constant demand for better men in office, better methods in politics, that his aspirations were not realized. But this did not in the least deter him from taking a leading part in every movement which had for its object the improvement of the public service and the elimination of fraud and corruption from politics and legislation.

A great part of the services given by him in these respects was long after there was any hope of reward except in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed. Ambitions which he had once cherished had long since been laid aside, yet his time, his presence, his means, his powers of denunciation of evil, his persuasive eloquence, his pen, when by reason of debility his tongue was silent, were to the very day of his death placed at the service of every cause that had for its object the promotion of good government.

Plutarch says of Aristides that " in all the vicissitudes of public affairs, the constancy he showed was admirable, not being elated with honors and demeaning himself tranquilly in adversity ; holding the opinion that he ought to offer himself to the service of his country without mercenary views and irrespectively of any reward not only of riches, but even of glory itself. Hence, it came probably that at the recital of these verses of Eschylus in the theatre, relating to Amphiaraus,

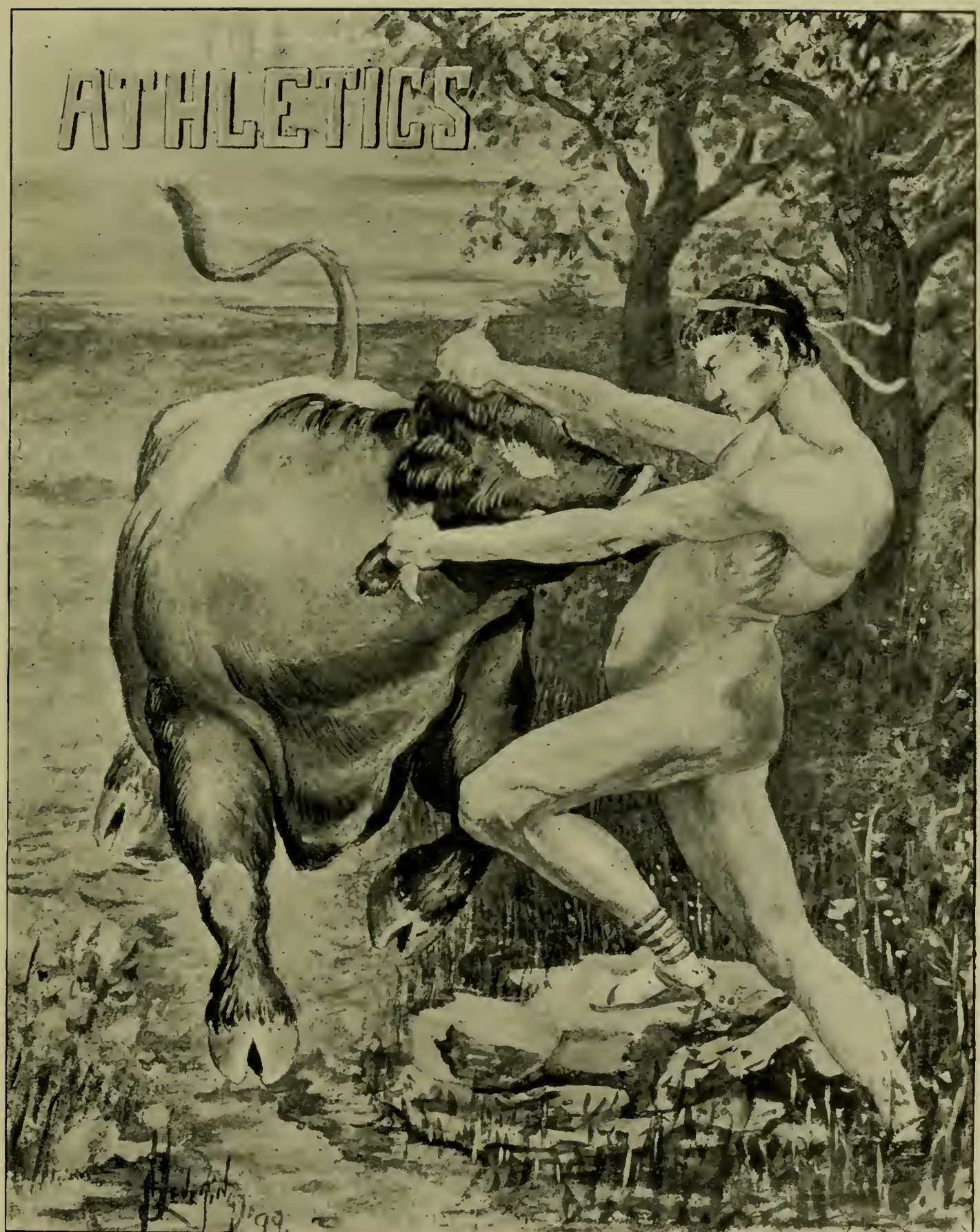
" ' For not at seeming just but being so he aims; and from his depth of soul below
Harvests of wise and prudent counsels grow.'

the eyes of all the spectators turned on Aristides, as if this virtue in an especial manner belonged to him."

And so it was because, of all the men of his generation in Maryland, Mr.

Wallis, in his thought and action, was most constant to the sentiment expressed by Montaigne, his favorite author, that "virtue owns nothing to be hers but what is done by herself and for herself alone," that, in his death the people saw the grave inclose its noblest citizen.




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Thomas S. Rice . . . . . *Law.*
Joel D. Whittaker . . . . . *Dental*
Julian F. Chisholm . . . . . *Medical.*
Dr. John R. Abercrombie . . . . . *Alumnus.*

Athletic Association.

EVER since the beginning of athletics at the University there has been trouble of various kinds, principally financial, arising from the lack of a controlling body which could inspire confidence in both students and professors. Several attempts were made to remedy this defect, but none of them met with success, because the organizers proceeded upon a wrong hypothesis, failing to devise a plan which would allow an equitable division of authority between the three departments. It was always supposed that it would be impossible to get support from the various faculties unless each had a representative on the governing board of the Association; so a point was made to have such representation, with the result that the board, of which three members were professors, was always unwieldy and of absolutely no service in assisting the students.

One of the most natural, and at the same time unfortunate, consequences of this condition of affairs was that there was no body to represent the teams when a request was made for money, and each manager struck out to collect for himself, taking no thought of the welfare of the other teams. The football and baseball managers corralled everything in sight during their respective seasons, and each had a tale of woe to relate about the other, while the track and hockey teams knocked at both.

With half an eye it can be seen that this condition of affairs would cause trouble, as it did. The faculties never received any accounting of the money they contributed, and became disgusted with the criminations and recriminations of the managers. The students became weary, because they were constantly being called upon to help the various teams, receiving nothing in return.

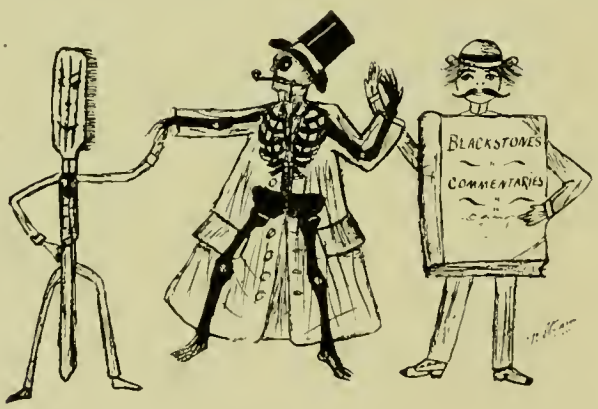
Finally, matters arrived at a pass requiring immediate action to prevent our athletics from going up in the air by the internal-dissensions route. A consultation was held, and the determination arrived at, that one more attempt would be made to clear the air of harsh discord before quitting in disgust. Accordingly, a call was issued, in the form prescribed by the vanished but much-cherished constitution of the old Association. In response thereto, assembled a small but enthusiastic body of choice spirits, who set their gigantic

intellects to work on the delicate problem of reorganization. That the crowd was Anglo-Saxon was shown by its adherence to precedent, for in spite of past experience an effort was made to revive all of the ancient constitution, instead of making a new one. Inspired by this laudable but visionary object, those present appointed new members on the old committees, elected officers and adjourned around the corner. About seven minutes after the adjournment it began to dawn upon the crowd that the meeting had been a waste of time, and it was decided to issue another call. So said, so done, and again we met to take counsel one with another as to the best way of keeping our sports from departing this life via impecuniousness. The constitution submitted was modeled, as far as local conditions would admit, upon those of the other large universities. A number of individual peculiarities with which our school is blessed prevented us from following very closely in the footsteps of our sister universities, but the general idea was preserved.

We have the usual collection of officers, all students, some more or less ornamental, some extremely useful, if they do the work mapped out for them. Then comes the great feature of the new rules—the Financial Committee, bless their hearts ! When the section relating to the governing board was first read out, it contained the old bugaboo of an executive committee consisting of the three deans, a student from each department, and an alumnus. This committee was to do stunts in bossing everything, but its principal function was to keep a weather eye on the coin—about the same duty it was supposed to perform under the old regime. As the Executive Committee was never known to meet—even with disappointment—no earthly object could be accomplished by its rehabilitation; so a member, yclept Whittaker, arose in his might and laid down the hypothesis that if something were not done, we might as well hold an auction of the athletic paraphernalia on hand and spend the proceeds in riotous living. Investigation disclosed the fact that the proposition was in the main correct, though marred by irrelevant details. Numerous schemes were then advanced as to the best way of filling the aching void, the sum of them all being a Financial Committee of five members, consisting of a student from each department, a member of one of the faculties and an alumnus. The committee seems to be the solution of all our perplexities, as it has inspired confidence in the faculties and students, is easily assembled and gives the desired representation, without which there can be no taxation. Judge Harlan, the faculty member, has shown his confidence in the new order of things by making a handsome preliminary contribution on the part of the Law faculty.

Briefly, the committee is to pass upon all accounts, no money being paid

out without its sanction; it certifies the team elections of captain and manager, and unless it approves the result a new election must be held; it controls the policy of the University's athletics, having the power to say which teams shall be played and which shall not. Its coercive power lies in the fact that if a manager or his team becomes obstreperous, he gets no cash, which is rather an effective argument.







FOOTBALL TEAM, '98-'99.

Gridiron, '98-'99.

WALKER, WILLET, DEW, SELLMAN, CATHELL, LEWIS, GREEN,

L. End. *L. Tackle.* *L. Guard.* *Centre.* *R. Guard.* *R. Tackle.* *R. End.*

BARROW (*Captain*),

Q. Back.

WHITTAKER, FROSHER,

L. Half. *R. Half.*

NELSON,

Full Back.

Manager, R. T. S. STEELE. *Assistant Manager*, C. FRED WILLIAMS.

Substitutes.

End, WILLIAMS. *Tackles*, PAGET, TRAVERS. *Guards*, REES, LEGGE. *Centre*, GILBERT.

Backs, EMERICK, TEAGUE, WHITEHURST, SHOOK.

Football Scores.

The following are the scores of the football games played this season :

University of Maryland, 30 ; Rock Hill College, 0.
University of Maryland, 0 ; Bucknell College, 6.
University of Maryland, 5 ; Columbian University, 0.
University of Maryland, 0 ; Gettysburg College, 0.
University of Maryland, 0 ; University of Virginia, 6.
University of Maryland, 23 ; Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 0.
University of Maryland, 5 ; Maryland Athletic Club, 0.



Football, '98.

THE season of '98 opened with brighter prospects, and Manager Steele and Captain Barrow both looked forward to a victorious season. They were not disappointed, for the team of '98 had an individual composition far ahead of any team heretofore put out by the 'Varsity. There was the advantage of having old players on the team who were well-trained men, and also certain new men from other colleges, who had already made enviable reputations on the grid-iron.

Among the men who had played on the 'Varsity previous to '98 there were Lewis, Cathell, Frosher and Captain Barrow. The new men were such men as "Father" Whittaker of North Carolina, and to his splendid coaching is due the success the team achieved. Green, from North Carolina, played a brilliant game at one end, and Walker on the other was not far behind him. Dew, as guard, did not find his match in any game; his line-bucking was a wonder.

The first game played was with Rock Hill College, and it resulted in a score of 30 to 0 in favor of the 'Varsity. Thus the team went through the season, with only two defeats, and with a record of seven games played—five won and two lost—and points scored against them being but twelve. The points they scored amounted to sixty-three. The two most important games of the season were with University of Virginia and Maryland Athletic Club.

The game with the University of Virginia, "the champions of the South," was one of the closest games ever played, and the Champions scored but one touchdown against Maryland, and that was in the last three minutes of play. The game closed with the ball on Virginia's five-yard line; the ball had been steadily forced down the field for a touchdown, but time was called, and Maryland was forced to stop, with her chances of a touchdown lost.

The game with the Maryland Athletic Club was of the greatest interest, especially in local sporting circles. Both teams were in the best of condition,

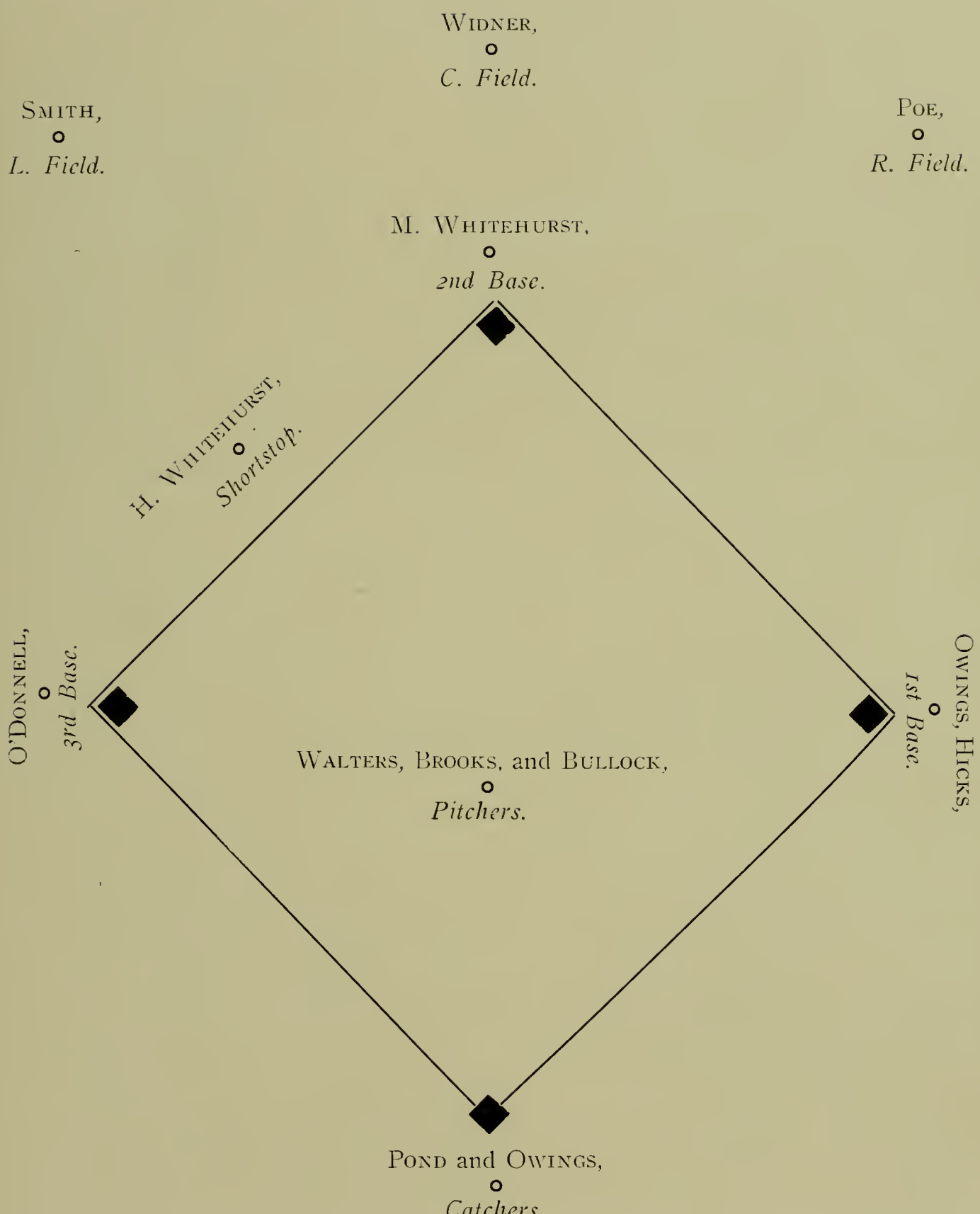
and neither seemed to have the advantage. The game was to be played on Thanksgiving, and both teams and backers on each side were confident of victory. However, when the day for the game arrived there was a foot of snow on the grounds, and consequently the game had to be postponed. This was a great disappointment to all concerned, as the teams always broke training after Thanksgiving. But so anxious were the 'Varsity boys to defeat M. A. C. that every man kept in training, and Captain Barrow did not have the slightest trouble to keep the men at work. The game had been postponed two weeks, but it seemed to be fated, and on the day for the game a heavy rain was falling; yet the managers decided to play the game. It was a mud bath from start to finish, and after a few minutes' playing not a man on either team could be recognized, so covered with mud were the players. The 'Varsity, though playing against heavy odds, won the game, and thus decided the Maryland championship for '98. The team will lose but few players in '99, and a victorious season is to be looked forward to by everyone.



BASEBALL.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1899.


Widner,
C. Field.
Smith,
L. Field.
Poe,
R. Field.
M. Whitehurst,
2nd Base.
H. Whitehurst,
Shortstop.
O'Donnell,
3rd Base.
Owings, Hicks,
1st Base.
Walters, Brooks, and Bullock,
Pitchers.
Pond and Owings,
Catchers.

Batting Order.

M. Whitehurst . . . . . *Second Base.*
H. Whitehurst . . . . . *Short Stop.*
George Hicks . . . . . *First Base.*
T. Owings . . . . . *First Base and Catcher.*
F. O'Donnell . . . . . *Third Base.*
William Smith . . . . . *Left Field.*
William Pond . . . . . *Catcher.*
F. Widner . . . . . *Centre Field.*
Net Poe . . . . . *Right Field.*
Walters . . . . . .
Brooks . . . . . *Pitchers.*
Bullock . . . . . .

Baseball Scores.

The results of the games were as follows :

University of Maryland, 7 ; Richmond College, 5.
University of Maryland, 13 ; Randolph-Macon, 5.
University of Maryland, 4 ; Georgetown, 7.
University of Maryland, 10 ; Manhattan, 3.
University of Maryland, 16 ; Fordham College, 16.

Baseball Scores, 1899.

University of Maryland, 0 ; Baltimore Baseball Club, 18.
University of Maryland, 19 ; Randolph-Macon, 6.
University of Maryland, 14 ; Richmond College, 4.
University of Maryland, 0 ; Trinity College, 6.
University of Maryland, 6 ; University of North Carolina, 5.
University of Maryland, 8 ; Bingham School, 3.
University of Maryland, 2 ; University of Virginia, 10.
University of Maryland, 5 ; Woodbury Forest, 3.
University of Maryland, 14 ; University of Georgetown, 15.
University of Maryland, 19 ; University of West Virginia, 6.
University of Maryland, 7 ; Gallaudet College, 5.
University of Maryland, 10 ; Naval Academy, 4.
University of Maryland, 5 ; Mont Clair Athletic Club, 3.
University of Maryland, 3 ; Fordham College, 8.
University of Maryland, 4 ; Manhattan College, 9.
University of Maryland, 5 ; Fordham College, 6.
University of Maryland, 1 ; Orange Athletic Club, 13.



Baseball, '98.

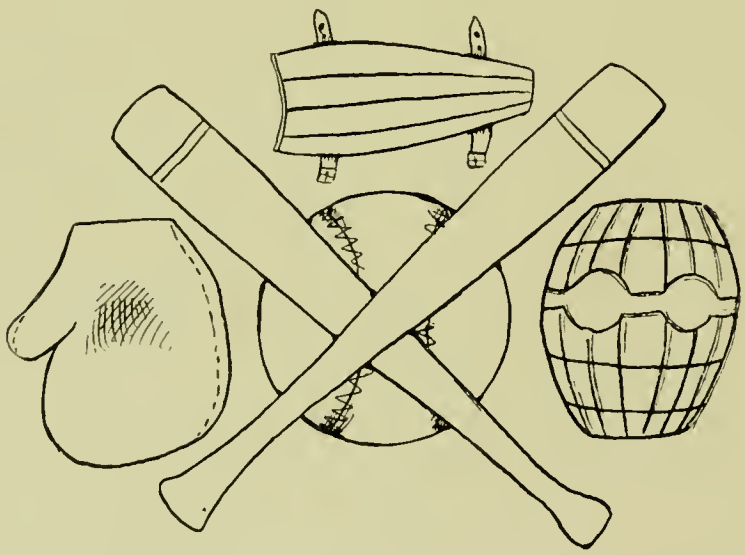
AS might have been expected by those who know us, the University of Maryland has flourished like a Green Bay tree in the national game of baseball. Our history in this respect has been somewhat like Ex-President Cleveland's married life—"one grand, sweet song." Starting with poor prospects and in the face of opposition from the inevitable croakers, we have progressed until at present we are a big dog with a brass tag and a penchant for chewing up things in the Southland, whither we go each year at the close of the Medical School.

From old Virginia's mountains, to Georgia's tarry pines, where Carolina's whisky conducive is to fines, from many an ancient college, from many a high-born prep., they called for us to play them, and their laurels off we swept.

We do not claim to be the best that ever came out of the cave, nor do we claim to be second best; but we don't go much further than that. Last season we had sundry troubles. Harry Wilms was manager, and his proverbial luck with the weather was right on deck, whereby the greater portion of the games had to be canceled, causing us to fall short just so many victories. Again, the umpires were "ag'in us." Not a single blessed mistake was made in our favor, while those of which our opponents received the benefit were more than you will ordinarily see in the life of the repentant villain of a society novel. Nine men cannot play against ten, a proposition we can verify by the examples of past bitter experience. Such was the case in games with Fordham and Richmond. Things were coming our way so fast that we couldn't dodge 'em, when the umpire thought he would show the local ladies what a dear, sweet boy he was, and began to find runs in "fouls," "safes" in everything. Our expostulations were explicit, forcible, but useless, and a brand was saved from the burning for the home teams. Such doings are a vexation of the spirit, but what can you do? for being far away from home and mother, it is a case of play or go without the guarantee, and, while we seldom consider that vulgar detail, filthy lucre, we are not trained for long-distance walking events.

Our record during the season of '98 was not as clear as it might have been, for reasons explained; but that of '99 up to the present writing can be contemplated with much joy. Our Southern trip was a great success, as everything was cleaned up except Trinity, where a defeat came bounding along because half the team was left in Richmond, and Georgetown and Virginia, the acknowledged champions of the South and the United States. Virginia got a run for her money, but at Georgetown the umpire bugaboo bobbed up again, and a *fair foul* did the work, with the consequence that we were defeated by a score of 15 to 14, after one of the closest games the champions played during the entire season. West Virginia came here in the pride of her mountain strength, but she had a long, sad story of the calibre of 19 to 6 to tell after all was over.

Prospects for the University of Maryland becoming a great baseball centre are continually brightening and the material being developed for next year's team promises great things for the future.



Polo.

I WILL tell you how it happened :

After fighting with the management of an ice rink for the whole of one season, the 'Varsity athletes had a surprise this winter, and not an agreeable one at that.

The management of the rink tore up the pipes and laid a maple floor that cost them $2,433.33 1/3, and thereby lost thousands more. In this, the old Hockey League was disagreeably surprised by the conversion of the rink from a centre of true winter sport to a nursery.

Well, so much for the surprise to the League.

Manager Emerson (the man of soda), who is a man of strictly moral character, besides being a church member in good and regular standing, did not see the influence that hockey had exerted over the athletic fraternity of the good city of Baltimore.

However, the University of Maryland was invited because of her record as a twice-hockey champion to enter its team for the Polo League race. It was understood that the Maryland Athletic Club would enter its aggregation, also the Maryland Hockey Club, Northampton Hockey Club, and Walbrook Athletic Club. But lo and behold ! the teams that made up the League were the University of Maryland, Druid Athletic and Druid Outing Clubs, Baltimore City College and Baltimore Medical College.

Talk about St. Bernards among a litter of pups ! Sad to relate, the pups took right hold of the game, and by the latter part of the season they played a rattling good game. Well, we accepted the invitation of the management of the rink, and entered a team captained by Milton Whitehurst, managed by W. H. Houston and composed of Mick Whitehurst, first rush; Pond, second rush; Pat Whitehurst, centre; Willet (der grosse), halfback; Clipper, goal; with Sheely and Hechheimer, substitutes.

The first game was with the All-Baltimore team of professional "has-beens," in which we won—8 to 0. This showed by the ready wit (long passes) and repartee (well-shot goals) that the drinks (soda) were on Manager Emerson, as the latter thought that we were outclassed, and bet us unlimited soda (which we limited to two small glasses) that we would loose.

The second game was with the City College, which we won by long passes and team play; the score was 4 to 0.

The third game, which was with the Baltimore Medical College, we won—5 to 0. After these victories the game was becoming very uninteresting to our players, who were in the habit of having to fight just a little for their successes, and not have teams lay down to them without fighting. This was the cause of our first defeat, together with the fact that the other teams worked like Trojans, and were playing a decidedly better game. So Druid Outing Club outgeneraled and defeated us—2 to 0. Pond seemed asleep; and, in fact, the whole aggregation seemed dopey. Long passes were worked successfully by the other side, but not by us.

The team now awoke to the fact that they had to play polo to keep in the push, so they practiced harder, and developed a better team by placing Pond at centre, and Pat taking his place at second rush.

The next and last game (with the Druid Athletic Club) was the most interesting one to rooters and to the manager; not because we won (2 to 1) in a close game (in which the deciding score was only shot after an extra half of ten minutes), but the interesting part was a little "scrap," in which a small amount of bitterness was shown by the losing team. The corpulent form of the rink manager separated the belligerents. There was also a disinclination of certain parties to come in contact, actively speaking, with the 'Varsity rooters, who were swarming from all parts of the rink. The latter arrived too late—the affair had been settled.

This was our last appearance in the polo arena. We were tie for first honors, and as the men were overworked, with two graduation-men on the team and very few men in the University from whom to draw, the management thought that the time was ripe to withdraw from the League, in which we were expected to win every game. We received no credit for the good work done. Acknowledging with thanks the help of the subs. and well-wishers, we conclude the history of the only polo team the University of Maryland ever possessed, hoping for an ice floor at the rink in the winter of '99 and 1900.

Track Team.



WE have all heard that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and relying on this we are able to draw some small comfort from the Stygian darkness that has enveloped the track team for the past twelvemonth.

Verily, verily, its talents have been hidden away in a napkin or safe deposit and trust company, and the interest drawn thereby is nil.

Would'st know the cause? Listen, then, I will a tale unfold, or rather a napkin.

Some people would tell you that this lamentable state of affairs is due to the lack of suitable training facilities; others, again, that the demands made on the men's time by their studies are so great that they have no time in which to train for track work; still others might perchance attribute the lethargy to a lack of moral and financial support; but "gadzooks"! what boots these explanations that do not explain.

Now, in order to fully understand my version of the matter, let us hark back a few æons and consider the conduct of two of the greatest exponents of track athletics.

One of them was Mercury, *alias* Hermes, son of old man Jupiter. He, like most thoroughbreds who travel under an *alias*, was crooked.

Well, he went in for track athletics and by fair means or fowl (joke on his winged feet) took the first prizes in all meets, scratch or handicap, and proved himself such a tricky and slippery customer that Apollo and Argus and all the rest of the push got dead sore on him and tried to have him disqualified.

The other party of whom I spoke was Hippomenes. Everyone remembers the way he won the race for life from Atalanta by pelting her with a Klondike orchard in the shape of gold apples.

There was quite a kick raised at the time, if my memory serves me, Aphrodite having lost a wad of long green on the race, accused "Attie" of

selling the race, and also accused "Attie" of being a fast young woman. "Attie" denied all this, but admitted that she and "Hip" were sweet on each other. This made "Aphie" mad, and she changed the pair into lions, and they do say that "Hip" and "Attie" went around looking for blood.

So you see that even in the time of Mythology track athletics were crooked, and they haven't improved much at the time of writing. We could cite numerous recent instances in support of this statement, but prefer to draw our illustrations from auld lang syne to prevent law-suits.

Now, the University of Maryland team started out with the commendable desire to elevate the stage—I mean track—but finding their task Herculean, and compared to it their strength as of pigmies, they desisted and haven't done anything since.

However, the team has taken B—— S—— for that tired feeling, and is now training for the relay races to be given by the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

"Here's luck to 'em!" Drink heartily.

Hockey.



THE hockey team this year only played two games, and obtained very little practice, as there was no rink. We must perforce wait for freezes and cuss during thaws, yet we wandered away to Philadelphia to play during the latter part of January, and the Quaker City Hockey Team brought back our scattered sense by pouring the oil on us to the tune of 8 to 0 ; but we gritted our teeth and made faces at them to our heart's content. The next evening after a very rough game we took one from the Philadelphia Dental College team by a score of 3 to 1.

The team was composed of Pat Whitehurst, centre; Pond, right forward; Poe, left forward ; "Mickey" Whitehurst (captain), rover ; Rothstein, cover point ; Willet, point ; Clipper, goal, and Sumner, substitute.

The boys put up a good game the first night against the Quakers. The score at the end of the first half was 0 to 0 ; but, sad to relate, eight goals were scored by Willett, of the Quaker City team, in the second half, our score remaining as we began—0. Willett, of the Quaker City team, is the best shooter in the country. He stands in a class by himself, and, of course, his playing was brilliant against our unpracticed men.

However, the Philadelphia Dental College suffered defeat at our hands by a score of 3 to 1, and it was the roughest, toughtest, hottest game that was ever played on the cold, cold ice. The Philadelphia Dental College men went into the game, as they supposed, to win from preparatory school boys, but they ran up against a snag. Their left forward (Richie) committed several assaults, and was at last ordered out of the game. If it had not been for this horse play, the score would have been even larger in our favor.

If the Ice Rink is opened during the winter of '99 and 1900, we will develop the greatest team that has ever been produced in the South (*as usual*).

Same Here.

For years I've studied philosophy,
  Read many a thousand pages ;
But not one line would tell me how
  To discover maidens' ages.

◆

A Modern Youth.

A student there was with fine duds,
Whose cash fell off with dull thuds ;
    So he went to his uncle,
    And pawned a carbuncle,
And now he has plenty of spuds.

◆

Not the Only One.

There was a young man of the school,
Who thought his professor to fool ;
    So he kept closed his phiz
    When questioned at quiz,
And got credit for knowing the rule.

◆

Poor Devil.

There was a young man so bright,
Who of his professors made light ;
    But he flunked the exams
    And said several damns,
Now he is wiser, poor wight.


FRATERNITIES
HOLY BIBLE
W.R. Armstrong

Our Fraternities.

Kappa Sigma, ... *Alpha Alpha Chapter.*

Xi Psi Phi, ... *Eta Chapter.*

Phi Sigma Kappa, ... *Eta Chapter.*

Kappa Psi, ... *Delta Chapter.*

Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Alpha Alpha Chapter.

◆

FRATERNITY FOUNDED UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA, ITALY, 1400.
FRATERNITY FOUNDED IN AMERICA, 1867.
ALPHA ALPHA CHAPTER FOUNDED, 1873.

Chapter House, Northeast Corner Howard and Franklin Streets.

◆

Active Members.

Frank Luthardt.

Charles Addison Hook, Jr.
Jerome Harry Willms.
Louis McKim Kines.
James Rawlings Brewer.
William Milnes Maloy.
Edward Hughes Sappington.
John Branham Deming.
John L. V. Murphy.
Thomas Stevens Rice.
Francis Marion Widner.
Henry Whinner Nice, Jr.
George Francis Donnelly.
Emanuel Jerome Ellinger.
Elias Oliver Grimes.
Charles Selden, Jr.
Garnett Yelverton Clark.
Charles Howard Lewis.
Charles Wilbur Miller.
William Robert Armstrong.
John Ernest Downin.
James Goldie Bunting.
Edward Lynch Mathias.

Affiliates.

OLIVER WARDLAW LEONARD . . . . . *Alpha-Nu.*
J. HECKEL . . . . . *Alpha-Delta.*



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Chapter Roll.

GAMMA—Louisiana State University.
DELTA—Davidson College.
EPSILON—Centenary College.
ZETA—University of Virginia.
ETA—Randolph-Macon College.
THETA—Cumberland University.
IOTA—Southwestern University.
KAPPA—Vanderbilt University.
LAMBDA—University of Tennessee.
MU—Washington and Lee University.
NU—William and Mary College.
XI—University of Arkansas.
PI—Swarthmore College.
SIGMA—Tulane University.
TAU—University of Texas.
UPSILON—Hampden-Sidney College.
PHI—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
CHI—Purdue University.
PSI—University of Maine.
OMEGA—University of the South.
ETA-PRIME—Trinity College.
ALPHA-ALPHA—University of Maryland.
ALPHA-BETA—Mercer University.
ALPHA-GAMMA—University of Illinois.
ALPHA-DELTA—Pennsylvania State College.
ALPHA-EPSILON—University of Pennsylvania.
ALPHA-ZETA—University of Michigan.
ALPHA-ETA—Columbian University.
ALPHA-THETA—Southwestern Baptist University.
ALPHA-KAPPA—Cornell University.
ALPHA-LAMBDA—University of Vermont.
ALPHA-MU—University of North Carolina.
ALPHA-NU—Wofford College.
ALPHA-XI—Bethel College.
ALPHA-OMICRON—Kentucky University.
ALPHA-PI—Wabash College.
ALPHA-RHO—Bowdoin College.
ALPHA-SIGMA—Ohio State University.
ALPHA-TAU—Georgia School of Technology.
ALPHA-UPSILON—Millsaps College.
ALPHA-PHI—Bucknell University.
ALPHA-CHI—Lake Forest University.
ALPHA-PSI—University of Nebraska.
ALPHA-OMEGA—William Jewell College.
BETA-ALPHA—Brown University.
BETA-BETA—Richmond College.
BETA-GAMMA—Missouri State University.
BETA-DELTA—Washington and Jefferson College.
BETA-EPSILON—University of Wisconsin.

Alumni Association.

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.
PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
CHIHAUHAU, MEXICO.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.
RUSTON, LOUISIANA.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Xi-Psi-Phi Fraternity.

Dental.

•

Members.

Brooker, P. D. . . . . South Carolina.
Bragdon, C. J. . . . . New York.
Browne, W. F. . . . . Maine.
Dailey, W. Bert . . . . . Ohio.
Falls, P. R. . . . . North Carolina.
Fauntleroy, T. T. . . . . Virginia.
Gainard, E. . . . . Louisiana.
Hankin, W. E. . . . . New Jersey.
Hawley, H. G. . . . . New York.
Hoffman, W. C. B. . . . . North Carolina.
Johnston, G. S. . . . . Canada.
McLeod, W. R. . . . . South Carolina.
Orr, B. F. . . . . Virginia.
Pond, W. R. . . . . Vermont.
Roach, J. A., Jr. . . . . North Carolina.
Scott, R. J., Jr. . . . . New York.
Scott, W. P. . . . . Maine.
Shecut, L. C. . . . . South Carolina.
Smith, F. E. . . . . New Brunswick.
Wardlaw, ... South Carolina.
White, L. M. . . . . New York.

TOAST:

The Profession.

Its members, its future—do we love it ?
Conceived of a purpose as lofty as mind,
Born of a spirit in beauty sublime ;
Nurtured and fed by kindly Mother Time,
Long may she live ! Never to pine.
The profession.

Lover of beauty, worker in art.
Genius and science of each a part—
Her desires, as those of a virgin's heart,
Oh ! from her we shall never part.
The profession.

Her members, as those of a maiden's form,
Rounded, beautiful, perfectly drawn ;
Members of grace, culture and ease,
All admiration for members like these !
The profession.

Her future. How else could it be,
For such a fair maid, O Profession, as thee ;
How else than of honor, glory and fame,
And worldly praise for thy dear name !
Oh ! Profession.

Do we love her ? Ah ! yes,
As the babe loves the mother's breast ;
As the sailor lad his haven rest ;
As the wild bird loves its native nest,
So do we love thee best.
Oh ! Profession.



XI PSI PHI DENTAL FRATERNITY.



Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity.

Officers.

EDWARD SANBORN SMITH . . . . . *President.*
HARRY A. COTTON . . . . . *Vice-President.*
JOHN DIEDRICH MORITZ . . . . . *Secretary.*
HOWARD DAVIS LEWIS . . . . . *Treasurer.*
RUFUS SPEED KIGHT . . . . . *Auditor.*
PAUL WHITEHURST GREENE . . . . . *Radius.*

Charter Members.

Tom Swann Tompkins, 1900.
Edward Sanborn Smith, 1900.
Alfred Ball Garges, 1899.
Louis W. Armstrong, 1900.
Paul Whitehurst Greene, 1900.
James Spicer Murray, 1894.
Leven Gillis Owings, 1900.
Harry Andrews Cotton, 1899.
John Edwin Legge, 1899.
Harry Christian Solter, 1899.
Milton Lee Martin, 1900.

Affiliates.

Herbert A. Megraw (Gamma).
Evert M. Pearcy (Delta).

Members of Eta Chapter.

James Spicer, Murray, 1894.
Dr. Joseph W. Holland, 1896.
William Newbold Bispham, 1897.
Walter Cathcart Arthur, 1897.
Harry Percival Lucas, 1898.
Alfred Ball Garges, 1899.
Harry Andrews Cotton, 1899.
John Edwin Legge, 1899.
Harry Christian Solter, 1899.
William Turner Wootten, 1899.
H. McKee Tucker, 1899.
Gideon Van Poole, 1899.
Edward Sanborn Smith, 1900.
Paul Whitehurst Greene, 1900.
Leven Gillis Owings, 1900.
Louis Woodruff Armstrong, 1900.
Milton Lee Martin, 1900.
Howard Davis Lewis, 1900.
George Latrobe Ewalt, 1900.
John Diedrich Moritz, 1900.
Rufus Speed Kight, 1900.
Andrew Aldridge Matthews, 1900.
James Alexander Bond, 1901.
Philip Lee Travers, 1901.
Samuel Winslow Walker, 1901.



PHI SIGMA KAPPA FRATERNITY.

1873

Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity.

Chapter Roll.

◆

1873. Alpha . . . . . Massachusetts Agricultural College.
1888. Beta . . . . . Union University.
1889. Gamma . . . . . Cornell University.
1891. Delta . . . . . West Virginia University.
1893. Epsilon . . . . . Yale University.
1896. Zeta . . . . . College of City of New York.
1897. Eta . . . . . University of Maryland.
1897. Theta . . . . . Columbia University.

Roll of Clubs.

1897. The Boston Club.
1889. New York Club.



KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

Kappa Psi Fraternity.

FRATERNITY life in this University is not an old feature, but tried and staid enough to attest its merit and worth. This Fraternity has the peculiar distinction of being the most recently organized one in this school, and, although we do belong to the infantry of the University Fraternity movement, we assume unto ourselves a natural, sane pride in our advancement thus far.

We congratulate others, at the same time that we shake hands with ourselves. This, the Delta Chapter of Kappa Psi, was organized in the early fall of 1898, and this justifies our length of roll, which, by the way, barely but luckily escaped old historic No. 13.

We are lined up as follows :

BENNET, WILLIAM CHARLES . . . . . Maryland.
BOYER, PERRY LEE . . . . . Virginia.
CATHELL, JAMES E. . . . . Virginia.
CLARK, WILLIAM F. . . . . West Virginia.
DORSEY, BENJAMIN H. . . . . Maryland.
EMMERICK, WILLIAM . . . . . Maryland.
FROSHER, EDWIN J. . . . . New York.
GILBERT, THOMPSON DALE . . . . . District of Columbia.
HEMMETER, GEORGE W. . . . . Maryland.
LANSDALE, P. S. . . . . Maryland.
REEDER, JAMES DAWSON . . . . . Maryland.
WALKER, JOHN . . . . . North Carolina.
WOLFE, ROBERT MILTON . . . . . New York.
WRENCH, A. E. . . . . Pennsylvania.

We are few numerically, but prominent potentially, and have reason and evidence for our argument. Wolfe, the sweet tenor and feminine devoté, is contrasted by " Bill " Clarke, the profundo bass and venerable exponent of the " Aqua " Law as related to temperance work. Boyer passed Virginia

Medical Board ere he was graduated. The good-naturedness, unselfishness and universal kindness of Judge Bennet endears him to everyone.

All athletes know the football players, Frosher, Emmerick and Walker, a splendid trio ; but we must not leave out Cathell, our right guard of 220 pounds, and, together with Gilbert, who played centre-rush for two years, a noble quintette. The latter branched out into musical lines and first organized (October 15, 1898,) the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs ; became its president and business manager, and sang first bass in the quartette and Glee Club.

Our other members—Dorsey, Hemmeter, Lansdale, Reeder and Wrench—seem to prefer to do their good work with less voice, but with ample efficiency.

Our Chapters are :

ALPHA . . . . . Yale.

BETA . . . . . Brown.

GAMMA . . . . . New York School of Pharmacy.

DELTA . . . . . University of Maryland.



ORGANIZATIONS

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.



BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GLEE CLUB.

University of Maryland
Banjo, Mandolin and Glee Organization.

[ORGANIZED OCTOBER 15, 1898.]

Officers.

T. D. GILBERT, '99, District of Columbia . . *President and Business Manager.*
H. E. GOBEILLE, '02, Rhode Island . . . . . *Vice-President.*
H. CLINTON BUNTING, '99, North Carolina . . . . . *Secretary.*
T. T. FAUNTLEROY, '99, Virginia . . . . . *Treasurer.*
M. M. WHITEHURST, '99, Maryland . . . . . *Assistant Business Manager.*
J. D. JACKSON, '01, Maryland . . . . . *Stage Manager.*

BANJO CLUB.

MR. JACK WESTCOTT, *Leader.*

Banjeurines.

Westcott, '00, Maryland.
McFaul, '00, Maryland.
Skillman, '00, Maryland.
Nicodemus, '01, Maryland.
Van Pool, '99, North Carolina.
Girdwood, '01, Maryland.

Banjos.

Parry, '00, Maryland.
Dudrow, '01, Maryland.

Guitars.

Cronmiller, '00, Dist. Columbia.
Smith, '00, Missouri.
Wooton, '99, Maryland.
Releker, '00, Maryland.
Glass, '01, Maryland.
Westcott, '00, Maryland.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Mr. C. J. Levin, *Leader.*

Mandolins.

Levin, Maryland.
Dudrow, '01, Maryland.
Hackney, '01, Delaware.
Parry, '00, Maryland.
Mendels, '01, Maryland.
Mitkiewicz, '00, Maryland.
Whittle, '00, Maryland.

Violin and Flute.

Mr. George Whittle, '00, Maryland.

Guitars.

Smith, '00, Maryland.
Releker, '01, Maryland.
Solter, '01, Tennessee.

◆

GLEE CLUB.

Mr. S. Archer Gibson, *Leader.*

First Tenors.

Bunting, '99, North Carolina.
Gobeille, '02, Rhode Island.
Wolfe, '01, New York.
Cotton, '99, Maryland.
Cronmiller, '00, Dist. of Columbia.

Second Tenors.

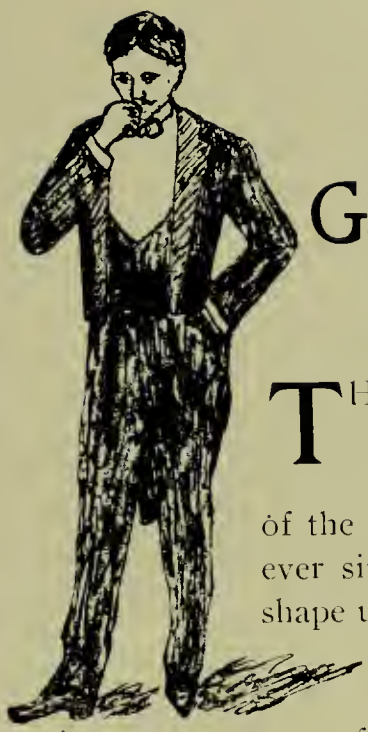
Smith, '00, Maryland.
Stubbs, '01, Maryland.
Whittle, '00, Maryland.
Messmore, '01, Pennsylvania.
Seon, '01, Maryland.

First Basso.

Gilbert, '99, District of Columbia.
Outcalt, '99, West Virginia.
Buckner, '99, Maryland.
Brooks, '01, Maryland.

Second Basso.

Jackson, '01, Maryland.
Harden, '01, Kentucky.
Glass, '01, Virginia.
Storrs, '01, Virginia.
Yourtee, '01, Maryland.



Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs.

THE University of Maryland Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs marked their first year of existence on October 15, when a meeting was called by Mr. T. D. Gilbert, of the senior class in medicine. This had been his pet idea ever since he entered college, but had never taken tangible shape until last year. Active work was begun, leaders of the respective clubs secured, and regular rehearsals instituted. Everything moved along smoothly after an immense amount of energy and work on the part of the officers. Our musical success as an organization commenced to bring our University into a distinct and new field, as compared with its professional and athletic standing. Our first concert was held at Laurel, Maryland, on December 15, and we had a pleasant stay and a good crowd, although the " hall was cold." Then, on December 20, came the Ellicott City trip on a special car over the new route. The audience was very appreciative, the programme a good one, and on its completion everyone joined in a dance. The rain and mud and the distance to the hall (which was an excellent one, with a seating capacity of five hundred) were the disadvantages of this concert. Then came our first Baltimore concert, held on New Year's night at Y. M. C. A. hall. This date was awarded the University after a consideration of propositions from many noted organizations. The night was perfect, our audience very large and exceedingly enthusiastic, while the whole performance passed off flawlessly. The Washington concert was just what everyone desired. On the 19th our final concert was held at Lehmann's Hall. Baltimore's best musical and society people were present. The boys all looked well, behaved like heroes, and voices and fingers all seemed intent on securing harmonic sounds, although a little occasional rag-time and humorous merriment, with some " intentional breaks," were indulged in.

Everyone took prizes, all numbers were hits, some singles, others home runs.

The season closed without the necessity of requesting individual or collective financial assistance from the faculties, and with our numerous expenses paid and money to start next year.

To whom credit is due, let credit be given, and we therefore include every officer and member of the organization.



Poor Boy.

Trespass or trover shall I bring
  Against the thievish maiden fair,
Who stole away my foolish heart,
  Refusing any part to share ?

Shall it be trespass *d. b. a.*,
  For malicious asporation ?
Trover for converting love
  An innocent flirtation ?

Thus I am in the doleful fix
  Of leaving a cause of action,
But with no court to hear my case,
  How shall I get satisfaction ?

Young Men's Christian Association

of the

University of Maryland.

Officers.

WILBUR F. SKILLMAN, Maryland . . . . . *President.*
GEORGE C. GRIFFITH, Virginia . . . . . *Vice-President.*
H. D. STEWART, North Carolina . . . . . *Treasurer.*
W. T. LINEWEAVER, Virginia . . . . . *Recording Secretary.*
L. C. SHECUT, South Carolina . . . . . *Corresponding Secretary.*

THE Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Maryland was organized in December, 1894, with thirty charter members, twenty active and ten associate members. Its membership gradually increased during the remaining three months of the school year, and when the annual election of officers took place in March, 1895, its membership numbered thirty-five. Mr. Frank Keating, of Maryland, was its first president, and at the expiration of his term of office, Mr. James Webster, of Scotland, was chosen as his successor for another year. The Association held regular Sunday afternoon devotional meetings during the first three months of 1895, and much interest was manifested in the organization. At the beginning of the school session of 1895 and 1896 the work was again revived with renewed energy, the Association holding its regular monthly and Sunday meetings at No. 22 South Greene street, which were well attended. The room was open at all hours during the day, and students often resorted thither to enjoy social talks or read. This social feature brought the men nearer to each other, and promoted Christian fellowship. At the Sunday afternoon meetings from twenty to thirty attended. The meetings were generally conducted by some member of the Association, and many who were heretofore unable to testify for Christ were stimulated to active work. In March, 1896, Mr. Frank Stoney, of New York, was elected president of the Association for the school term of 1896 and 1897. Mr. Stoney not having returned, Mr. R. H.

McGinnis, of North Carolina, was elected president for the year 1896-97. At the conclusion of Mr. McGinnis' term, Mr. M. L. Martin, of Texas, was elected in his place. Mr. Martin not returning to the University in the fall, Mr. W. F. Skillman was elected to fill the vacancy. The faculty of the University have granted the Association a permanent hall in the college building on the right of the south entrance. This room has been nicely furnished with comfortable chairs, tables, reading material, library, and various games. It is the purpose of the Association to make it a pleasure and a profit to students to visit this room. The University library is in this room, and all students have access to the same. Each month of the scholastic year some member of the faculty delivers a public address under the auspices of the University of Maryland Young Men's Christian Association.

A Problem.

I am versed in the laws of old,
  King Edward's year books I have read ;
Customs of Anglo-Saxons bold
  I've drummed into my head.

Greek and Roman jurisprudence,
  The methods of conveying land,
Ancient ideas' recrudescence—
  These I can recite off-hand.

I know every law of Manu,
  The substance of the Code Civile,
The holy code of the Hindoo,
  Every local law of Chili.

But with all my learning prolix,
  A simple problem haunts me still :
How, without any spondulix,
  I am to pay my landlord's bill ?

The Senate of the University of Maryland,

School of Law.

◆

WARD P. LITTIG . . . . . *President.*
HARRY W. NICE . . . . . *Vice-President.*
WILLIAM W. HOGENDORF . . . . . *Secretary.*
GEORGE C. LLOYD . . . . . *Assistant Secretary.*
THOMAS J. J. SMOOT . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

COMMITTEES.

Appropriation.

FRANK D. NOEL, *Chairman.*
EMMANUEL J. ELLINGER. ERNEST DOWNIN.

Education.

LOUIS McK. KINES, *Chairman.*
FRANK M. WIDNER, JR. MARTIN G. KENNEY.

Public Morals.

WILLIAM C. CLIFT, *Chairman.*
CHARLES J. D. ROSENDALE. GEORGE KECK.

Foreign Affairs.

AUGUSTUS C. BINSWANGER, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM R. ARMSTRONG. IRWIN G. HERMAN.

Finance.

JOHN L. V. MURPHY, *Chairman.*
CHARLES A. HOOK, JR. WILLIAM W. HOGENDORF.

Credentials.

JAMES A. LATANE, JR., *Chairman.*
SIDNEY L. NYBURG. LEONARD R. TITSWORTH.

Rules.

THE PRESIDENT (*ex-officio*), *Chairman.*
WILLIAM M. MALOY. CHARLES G. CROMWELL.

Social Affairs.

GEORGE F. DONNELLY, *Chairman.*
THOMAS S. RICE. HARRY W. NICE.

The Senate.

THE Senate ! What words to conjure with ; what a field for imagination ! We can see in Rome, the mistress of the world, the Senate in all its pristine glory, its dignity heightened, rejoicing in the eloquence of a Cicero. Then we have the Senate of the " Old Line State," assembled in all its splendor, busily engaged in breathing patriotism and " plugging corporations. I hesitate—but then, last, but not least, we have " *Our Senate* " of the University of Maryland, School of Law.

Its members are a legion. Of their quality, we can but say : Greece may have her Demosthenes, Massachusetts her Webster ; but Maryland has her Titsworth. It would be more than a pleasure to extol the virtues of all our members, but neither space nor time will permit. In writing his graduating thesis, the author has greatly developed the analytical sections of his gray matter (?). Accordingly, he has deduced that all the members of the Senate belong to one of four groups—politicians, members of the " third " house, stump orators, and claim agents. Alas ! no embryo statesmen appear. In each group, the " principal case " will be recognized. The virtues of the others will suffer no disparagement, for in the end the first shall be last and the last shall be first.

Moreover, to take a type illustrative of the politician, we must have a good politician ; and a good politician necessarily implies a successful one. Who has been, and is, more successful than the Senator from the State where length of body is synonymous with breadth and depth of mind, and which is capable of producing garments of the fiery hue that even rival the brilliancy of the midday sun. We have no difficulty in recognizing " Senator " Armstrong.

" I was born with greatness ;
I've honour, titles, power, here within."

The word statesman has had two definitions accorded it : The first, that he is merely a dead politician ; the second, that he is a successful politician, broad-minded and with foresight. From either aspect, to be a statesman you must first be a politician. The masterful manner in which our " principal

case " handled the fortunes of the successful candidate for the class presidency, triumphing over unthought-of difficulties, dealing destruction and disaster to his opponents, marks him as the peer of any politician. He may not be a statesman, but he has the first essential—he is a successful politician.

We come next to the group, the members of the " third " house. A difficulty confronts us when we try to select the most gifted member of that powerful body. Not one, but two, stand above all others, and to their importunities all must yield—Senators Kines and Maloy. The one may be of short stature, the other long of hair ; but these embellishments are not deterrents to the exercise of those persuasive arts that are second only to those used by a " 'Gene " Higgins, or a " Bill " Thompson. Captivating and plausible, a future awaits them, circumscribed only by what a Machiavelli or a Talleyrand have achieved.

We have no difficulty in the selection of the one who is pre-eminent in the most numerous group—the stump orator. The name suggests itself. Think of the blue-grass country of Pimlico racetrack, of jack pots, full houses and bluffs, of those who quaff but sparingly of that deleterious fluid " aqua "—and you have the name of Titsworth. The gifted Senator is best described in the paraphrased refrain that lingers in our ear : " Our orator beyond compare." One stroke with his gleaming scimitar of righteousness fells the most subtle constitutional argument. An arrow, drawn from his quiver of earnestness, pierces the finest logic obtained from the realm of reason.

> " While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
> Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head should carry all he knew."

The last group is before us. It is unique ; it contains but one member. Senator Morfit is somewhat of an anomaly. We were at a loss where to place him, until the happy thought came that we could give him his just distinction, a group to himself—the claim agent. It is well known that the most successful of these are ex-members of the Federal House and Senate. We have no doubt that the experience that this Senate has gained in the collecting line will be a material benefit to him in future life. The diligence and zeal with which he has urged his claim for reimbursement, not once, not twice, but thrice, before our indifferent Senate, cannot but fail to recommend him to those who desire an energetic " claim-pusher."

Having briefly sketched the leading members, we turn next to the work accomplished by this august body. For the most part, the Senators are

radical but progressive in their views; this is but general, as the jewel of consistency shines bright with but few. We have decided that it is the better policy of the Government to retain the Philippines, yet at another meeting we have proclaimed our continued adherence to the so-called "Monroe doctrine." Cuba has had our full sympathy; Dewey and Schley have received our vote of congratulations; we were thankful that the Oregon arrived in due time; yet we were not in favor of having the Nicaragua canal launched. The proposal of an alliance with England was received with scorn; we were so amused at its suggestion that a resolution to increase our standing army to two hundred thousand men carried the day. The conservatives scored signal victories when the bill assailing the Federal judiciary was defeated. The proposition to enact an income tax was laid on the table. The "crime of '73" has been glowingly discussed and the gold standard adopted. Probably our most enthusiastic meeting occurred when we denounced trusts and monopolies and passed a law providing for their restraint and control.

Such has been the work of the Senate, yet the Government still exists; the tides rise and fall; the earth continues to revolve; the sun daily rises and sets, and one more step has been made to complete the cycle of Cathay. The session of the rejuvenated Senate of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine is o'er.

"But there are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth."

Possibly.

Wild with love were Mary and Willie,
They set the lovers' pace.
If the old man fired Bill, could he
Bring trespass on their case?

Maroon and Black.

Mae Roon was a damsel fair to see,
  And suitors had she by the score,
    Who longed to share
    With this maiden fair
  Their worldly goods galore.
Some were wealthy, and some were healthy,
  And some were of great renown.
    She jollied them all—
    Both great and small ;
  And then she "trun 'em down.
Till a youth named Black, from old Maryland,
  Carried her off in a hack.
    The knot was tied,
    The groom and bride
  Are now—Maroon and Black.

◆

A POPULAR EXPRESSION.



A HOT OLD TIME!



SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB.

South Carolina Club.

Officers.

Samuel M. Deal	*President.*
Pearson D. Brooker	*Vice-President.*
Linnaeus C. Shecut	*Recording Secretary.*
J. C. Harper	*Corresponding Secretary.*
W. O. Holloway	*Treasurer.*

Members.

B. F. Carpenter.
W. A. Carringan.
J. R. Copeland.
D. K. Davis.
A. J. Eaddy.
F. C. Ferguson.
J. H. Frazer.
J. R. Gauner.
W. T. F. Hamilton.
O. W. Leonard.
W. R. MacLeod.
W. L. Mauldin, Jr.
E. L. Mobley.
N. G. Osteen.
J. H. Padget.
James W. Pitts.
R. L. Reaves.
W. L. Reaves.
J. R. Rogers.
J. C. Spratt.
Jesse H. Teague.
R. W. Thompson.
C. G. Todd.
A. B. Wardlaw.
Arthur Watson.
C. F. Williams.
A. A. Wilson.

Honorary Members.

Francis T. Miles, M. D., Professor Emeritus.
Julian J. Chisolm, M. D., LL. D.

University Medical Society.

Officers.

Dr. John S. Fulton . . . . . *President.*
Dr. St. Clair Spruill . . . . . *Vice-President.*
Dr. Jose L. Hirsh . . . . . *Secretary.*

Executive Committee.

Dr. William R. Stokes.
Dr. Charles W. Mitchell
Dr. Thaddeus W. Clark.

Alumni Association.

University of Maryland Medical Department.

Officers.

Isaac S. Stone . . . . . *President.*
Richard Lewis, M. D. . . . . *First Vice-President.*
E. F. Cordell, M. D. . . . . *Second Vice-President.*
J. T. King, M. D. . . . . *Third Vice-President.*
J. F. Martenet, M. D. . . . . *Recording Secretary.*
E. McE. Van Ness, M. D. . . . . *Assistant Recording Secretary.*
M. B. Billingslea, M. D. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary.*
G. Lane Taneyhill, M. D. . . . . *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

A. D. McConachie, M. D. — F. M. Chisolm, M. D.
R. H. Goldsmith, M. D. — James M. Craighill, M. D.
J. T. Smith, M. D.

The annual meetings are held on or about commencement day, and an orator will be selected to deliver an address upon these occasions.

The banquet which follows the delivery of the oration is a reunion of old classmates, at which the graduating class are the guests of the Faculty of Physics.

All alumni in good standing are eligible to membership.

The fee of membership is one dollar per annum.

Mystic "M."

"Broncho Bill" Armstrong . . . . . *R. E.*
"Pat" Maloy . . . . . *M. to S.*
"Grimesy" Brewer . . . . . *M to B. B.*
"Tommy" Rice . . . . . *M. to G.*
"Murph" Murphy . . . . . *M. to C.*
"Billy" Clift . . . . . *W. S.*
"Judge" Nice . . . . . *Novice.*
"Puck" Kines . . . . . *Novice.*
"Forget-It" Lutthardt . . . . . *Novice.*
"Ollie" Grimes . . . . . *Novice.*
"Skullion" Clark . . . . . *Novice.*

A Tale of Horrors.

His face is cut,
But in no fight
He gained the ghastly scar,
His broken nose and crooked toes
Are not the circumstance of war.

His eye is gone
But not before
San Juan Hill did he shoot;
His aching bones and hollow tones
Came not from a howling toot.

His neck's awry,
But in no crash
Of railroad trains was he;
A far worse fate, I now relate:
He was a football player. See?



700 Club—Before.



700 Club—After.



Snow Scene on the Bowery.



"Evening Dress."

Corpus Delicti.

An aged man stood weeping in a soap establishment,
His eyes were red and bleary (he was a seedy gent),
And all the burden of his song, by which he seemed annoyed ;
Was centered in that little bone they call the sesamoid.

Chorus :

Her Obicularis Oris has lost the smile it wore ;
Her Vermiform Appendix will trouble her no more ;
Death struck her Solar Plexus and smashed her Condyloid,
Now nothing's left of darling but her little sesamoid.

We'll tell you how it happened : She made him mad one day ;
He hit her Mental Process in a careless sort of way ;
He didn't think 'twould hurt her, but he smashed her Condyloid,
And drove her Maxillary into her Pterygoid.

◆



Our Bowery Protector, "Doc." Joe Bruner.



The Rathskellerites.

[DEDICATED TO THE "BOWERY."]

The beers that are drunk in the Rathskeller
Have something to do with the jag.
I've got to take home to his bed ; tra la !
A room-mate with wheels in his head, tra la !
And his address he wears on a tag.

REFRAIN :

And that's what I mean when I rise to exclaim :
A wild jag will make its possessor feel tame.
A Rathskellerite, he
Goes there every night, he
Loads up till he don't know his name.

We Know.

There's a great talker named Poe,
Who giveth no other a show ;
He can chin by the day,
Never granting a stay,
Until you don't know what you know.

•

Bully for Her!

There was once a gallant suitor
Who instituted suit,
For the hand of an heiress rich,
Her goodly coin to boot.

But the maiden's pa he busted,
She was no longer fruit;
But courting went herself, and brought
A breach of promise suit.

•

I. O. U.

Single bills are as good as notes,
So all the law books plainly say ;
But as my notes won't cancel bills,
I can't figure out that way.



Spasm I.

There was a young man of knowing mould.
Whose parents, at least, seemed to think, so I'm told.
And they pondered them long, to know what to do
With this smooth-faced youth, and his brain like few.
As our loving parents now often decide
What we shall do before we have tried.
So happened it here, and his pa and ma
Decided that this youth should take up the law.
So with thirty-nine " greens " in his pocket he went
Down to the office of " Chancellor " Kent,
Who gave him a ticket, upon which was said
That four months of learning was due for his head.
One would think that, relieved of so many " greens,"
He'd be somewhat less verdant in spite of his teens.
But, kind-hearted reader, 'tis not always the color
That makes the green youth the brighter or duller.



Spasm II.

And he pranced into class on the opening day
With the confident air of a young colt at play.
Oh ! wonderful place that nice Law School,
Where in two months a lawyer's made out of a fool—
At least, so thought our young friend, the " fresh,"
When he first stuck his tender gills into the mesh.
Nor wot, like the poor little fish in a net,
That he soon would be floundering out of the " wet."
When all kinds of Domestic Relations he knew,
He thought he'd just teach his poor family a " few."
Bridget threatened to leave ere her month had expired :
Mamma bullied and pleaded until she was tired.
When our spring of the law tried his arguments fair,
She lodged a stray flat-iron against his front hair ;
And when he came to, with a buzz in his head,
And they gathered him up and put him to bed,
" Domestics may be very clever," said he,
" But the application's not all that it's cracked up to be ;
At least in the way it was argued with me."
Real Property excited in him not a fear.
But how he " woke up " when he went against Baer !
When he saw how he " flunked," he stood there aghast ;
But it did him more good than the others he passed ;
For he wandered away with a tear and a sigh,
And thought : " Someone knows more about it than I."



Spasm III.

When the second year came, like a midsummer dawn,
He looked on the in-flocking freshmen with scorn ;
And this thought did him good in a fractional way—
He was ⅓ nearer a lawyer than they.
So he started to learn how to smoke cigarettes,
And other amusements (a wise man forgets).
And he found the sweet calm that tobacco begets
And prepared to " smoke up " at " Exam " between " sweats."
The " Exam " was on Pleading, and Mr. Poe said
That he didn't think smoking was good for the head.
This our friend thought was a strong "declaration,"
So he forthwith went up with a young " replication."
But all that his genial professor would say,
As he leaned on his arm in a fatherly way,
Was : " My boy, I'm sure that your brain it will muddle ;
And think of the other geese in the same puddle."
Oh ! conglomerate mass of the short second term.
Four intricate subjects at once made him squirm.
And when at the end he found he was through it,
His chief wonder was, how he managed to do it.



Convulsion IV.

To think of the joy of the proud senior's lot,
When his head at last pokes from the boiling pot :
When he peers through the thick smoke of battle around,
And catches faint glimpses of the Holy Ground.
And thinks of diplomas all written in Latin,
And squares out his shoulders of soft cotton-batting,
And the first term's gone, and the second's at hand,
With theses, and moot-court, and equity grand.
Oh ! the time he wasted, the tears he spilt,
On presumption of innocence or guilt.
And he worked away on it day and night,
And into his darkness came no ray of light.
In manuscripts buried from head to his heels,
And his brain's gone a-fishing with four dozen " reels."
And at last he thinks that he has it in shape,
And he carefully measures it out with a tape.
And when he discovers there's not fifteen pages
He swears like a whole flock of Spaniards in cages.
And though he has doctrines and cases in herds,
His essay's remarkable chiefly for words.
But he hands it all in with misgivings and qualms,
And girds up his loins for the final " exams."

Convulsion V.

Oh ! sanguine forecastings of 100's in bunches
What rivers of beer, corresponding free-lunches.
Then, ho ! for Commencement, with flowers and light ;
When the dark past is gone, and the future's all bright !
And he dreams him a sweet dream of clients in throngs,
Who clamor around him, complaining of wrongs.

With footmen who bring in retainers in baskets,
And silver and jewels and medals in caskets.
And then he woke up with a shuddering yawn,
And through the closed shutters came peeping the dawn.
Oh ! " such a headache " and body so languid,
And then he remembers—he's been to the banquet.
So through the years, and pa pays office rent
Until the poor old man's last penny is spent.
And when it is gone, and with it the vision,
Our lawyer goes down town and gets a position.
For his friends look for jobs—all around them they seek—
And they get him a job at four dollars per week.

Last Gasp.

Now, why this sad end to a youth of such promise ?
Listen, sweet reader, 'tis a warning to dummies :
If ere you should stand out a graduate fair,
With parchment in hand, and laurel on hair,
Don't let yourself think you're the only one there.
And should it be Law, kind friend, pray forbear,
To dig the fine dust enclosed just here.
Hold on to your job, your employer thank,
And take your small salary and put it in bank.
And should you be troubled with swelling of head,
Better not practice Law till the others are dead.


DOWN WITH CORPORATIONS AND BEER.
TOM SMITH PINCHED EVERY D—N ONE OF MY MARBLES.
MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN THE WAR AND I WANT SOOOLO FROM ALPHANSO
JONNIE PROMISED TO MARRY ME AND NOW HE'S GIMME THE TROWDOWN
I WANT A DIVORCE - HIGH-MY WIFE MAL-TREATS ME-HIGH-AND WON'T SUPPORT ME ANY LONGER

M ——'s Vampire.

A fool there was and to Law School he came,
Even as you and I.
To strengthen his mind and make him a name ;
To be a great jurist was his dearest (?) aim ;
To march with the band in the ranks of fame ;
Even as you and I.

Oh ! the years we waste,
And the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the clients who do not know,
And now we know they never could know,
And never could understand.

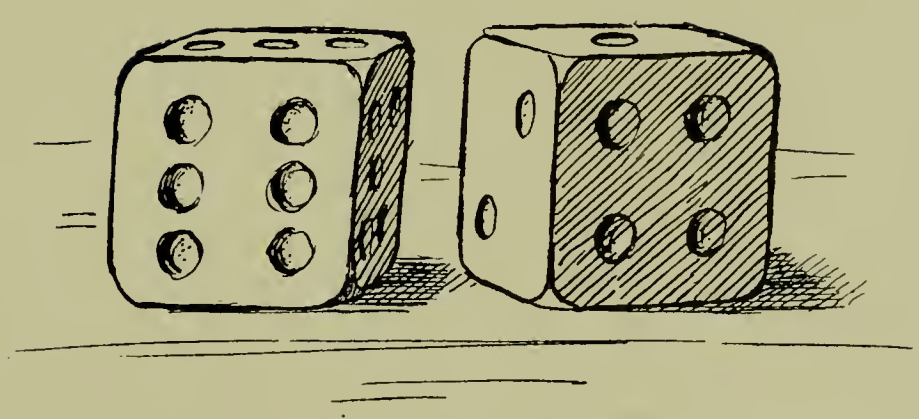
A fool there was, and a case he got,
Even as you and I.
Quoted rules and decisions, and Heaven knows what—
The Judge woke up ; said : "That's all tommy rot."
And the fool crept home to his humble cot,
Even as you and I.

Oh ! the spoil we lost,
And the toil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the clients who never know why ;
And now we know they could never know why,
And could not understand.

The fool at last learned to long for bread,
Even as you and I.
He went to his room, and they found him there dead.
" That makes room for another," somebody said.
But his poorest friend knelt down by his bed,
Even as you and I.

Oh ! it isn't the shame,
And it isn't the blame,
That stings like a white-hot brand.
But it's coming to know that they never knew why ;
Seeing at last they could never know why,
And could not understand.

BONES.





NEW UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL.



Faculty of Medicine.

Class of '99.

Officers.

Charles Frederick Williams, South Carolina . . . . . *President.*
Milton M. Whitehurst, Maryland . . . . . *Vice-President.*
Henry McKee Tucker, North Carolina . . . . . *Secretary.*
William Charles Bennet, Maryland . . . . . *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

James E. Cathell, Virginia . . . . . *Chairman.*

Howard Armstrong, Virginia.
A. N. Halabi, Palestine.
Perry Lee Boyer, Virginia.
Gideon M. Van Poole, North Carolina.

Class of '99.

Howard Armstrong . . . . . Virginia.
Member of Class Executive Committee.

William Charles Bennett . . . . . Maryland.
Class Treasurer.

Charles Teackle Buckner . . . . . Maryland.
Glee Club, '98.

R. Clinton Bunting . . . . . North Carolina.
Glee Club, '98. Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

C. B. Banner . . . . . North Carolina.
D. D. S.

Perry Lee Boyer . . . . . Virginia.
Member of Class Executive Committee.

H. M. S. Carson . . . . . North Carolina.

James E. Cathell . . . . . Virginia.
Chairman of Class Executive Committee.
Left Guard on Football team, '97-'98.

Harry A. Cotton . . . . . Maryland.
Glee Club, '98. Associate Editor "Year Book."

William F. Clark . . . . . West Virginia.
Glee Club, '98.

Chester C. Coates . . . . . Virginia.

Arthur Joseph Edwards . . . . . North Carolina.
B. S.

Samuel Edwards . . . . . North Carolina.

T. Dale Gilbert . . . . . District of Columbia.
Manager Glee and Mandolin Clubs, '98.

J. Royston Green . . . . . Maryland.

George C. Griffith . . . . . Maryland.

Joseph Nancrede Guerard . . . . . Georgia.

Henry J. Hahn . . . . . Maryland.
Mandolin Club, '98.

A. N. Halibi . . . . . Palestine, Turkey.
Member of Class Executive Committee.

William S. Hall . . . . . Maryland.

John J. Harvard . . . . . Maryland.

H. G. Heilig . . . . . North Carolina.

W. O. Halloway . . . . . Maryland.

Eugene E. Hart . . . . . Maryland.

F. Lee Hughes . . . . . Maryland.

Harry Clemm Hyde . . . . . Maryland.
Ph. G.

Henry Waters Kennard . . . . . Maryland.

John E. Legge . . . . . Maryland.
Phi Sigma Kappa.

Henry McTucker . . . . . North Carolina.
Phi Sigma Kappa.
Secretary of Class, '99.

Charles H. Mills . . . . . Virginia.
Ph. G.

Edward J. Nixon . . . . . North Carolina.

Edward Quarles . . . . . Maryland.

Anthony Retalliatta . . . . . Maryland.

Richard G. Rozier . . . . . North Carolina.
A. B.

John Gilbert Selby . . . . . Maryland.

Wallace Sellman . . . . . Maryland.
Centre on Football team, '98.

Joseph B. Seth . . . . . Maryland.

Jay Ralph Shook . . . . . Pennsylvania.
Associate Editor "Year Book."

John C. Sleet . . . . . Virginia.

William Breckinridge Smith . . . . . Maryland.

Harry Christian Solter . . . . . Maryland.
Phi Sigma Kappa.

Melchijah Spragins . . . . . Maryland.

Robert Thomas Stephen Steele . . . . . North Carolina.
B. S.
Sigma Nu and Theta Nu Epsilon.
Manager Football team, '98.
Left Tackle, '96-'97.

George H. Steuart . . . . . Maryland.

Harry C. Tull . . . . . Maryland.

G. M. Van Poole . . . . . North Carolina.

Phi Sigma Kappa.
Mandolin Club, '98.
Member of Class Executive Committee.

Reuben Alexander Wall . . . . . Maryland.

Joseph P. Whitehead . . . . . North Carolina.

Beta Theta Pi and Theta Nu Epsilon.

Milton M. Whitehurst . . . . . Maryland.

Class Vice-President.
Captain of Polo and Baseball teams, '98-'99.

Charles Frederick Williams . . . . . South Carolina.

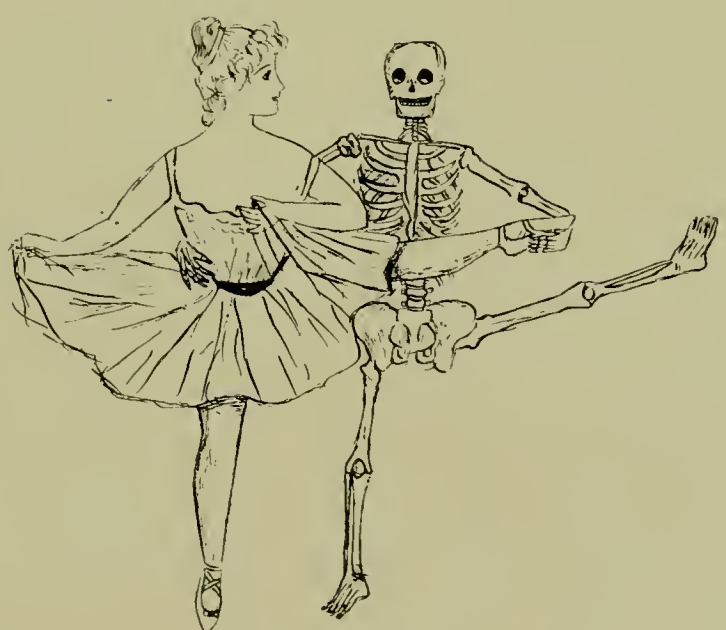
Class President.
Substitute, End and Assistant Manager of Football team, '98.

Eldridge E. Wolff . . . . . West Virginia.

Sigma Kappa.

William Turnor Wootten . . . . . Maryland.

Phi Sigma Kappa.



History—Class of 99.

THIS *fin de siecle* class, the first one to have the advantages of a four years' course in medicine, as a whole, stands prominently in the rôle of "*Non facientis quidquid.*" No unity of action or feeling ever marked its past, no officers were ever elected until last year, no class photograph was ever taken—its career marked by a deliberate and unwholesome attempt on the part of a band of our class known as "The Faithful Sixteen" to operate the machinery of our affairs, who met their Waterloo at the class election, whose colors were decidedly lowered by the result of the choice of the prize men, whose funeral march sounded the dreariest when hospital appointments were announced, who were loth to remain on the night of the 20th in penitential tears, worshiping at the shrine of the gods, and uttering heart-rending shrieks and pitiable groans around the historic funeral pyre of their own humiliation and defeat; while the "Survival of the Fittest" partook of the essentials of corporeal sustenance, talked glibly and sang merrily—all in one night—to the demise of those who were sensible enough to absent themselves from where they were not wanted; who were reluctant to appear in society so soon after their own death; who were so foolish as to project themselves into a red-hot fire so intricately arranged for others; who were so very kind as to leave for their enemies that of which they had so hesitatingly deprived themselves.

All these topical occurrences of the college life might be attributed to the existence of a "Cat-hell" in our numbers, occasionaly offset by the appearance of a little "Sleet," but we feel proud of our standing, for we have tenaciously remained in our "Hall" of learning, and with the "Strong Arm" of confidence have grabbed by the "Legge," the "Wolffe" of opposition to our career, and "Shook" his "Hyde" from his osseous frame; emerging most of us, bright as a piece of well-tempered "Steele." We have gone to war with our "Cannon," and our only "Hart" went with him. Also have we been marital, a faithful triumvirate who accepted the bonds of single blessedness, and thus, scripturally speaking, "betook unto themselves a wife," and "each one won one, and yet they are only one," and only one, too, we hope, forever.

Our class has endeavored to change the college colors, as it would be lucrative, indeed, to our "Cotton Mills" to turn out "Green Bunting" all

the year 'round, and so " Seth " all of us. Everyone knows of the quartette—Bunting, Buckner, Gilbert and Wooton—all of them up to date ; but how the former could sing those Southern melodies, and how the latter could play the guitar in the Banjo Club ! Oh ! my. As to football, we had our Gilbert, the centre-rush, and Cathell, our big-hearted and big-framed guard, and Steele, the old pig-skin pusher and manager of this year's team—" perhaps " an appropriate name for any man who had charge of the money end of a team. Gilbert organized and was president and business manager of the first Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club the 'Varsity ever possessed. Little " Mickey " stands on the summit of the highest pinnacle of athletics in this school, the prime mover in hockey and baseball, aided in the former by Cotton and Kennard, and always hustling for football interests as well. Our medical work all the Faculty commend ; the averages they gave us can certainly attest the truth of their praise, and in the words of our Dean, Dr. Mitchell, " This present departing class as a whole had higher averages than for some time past."

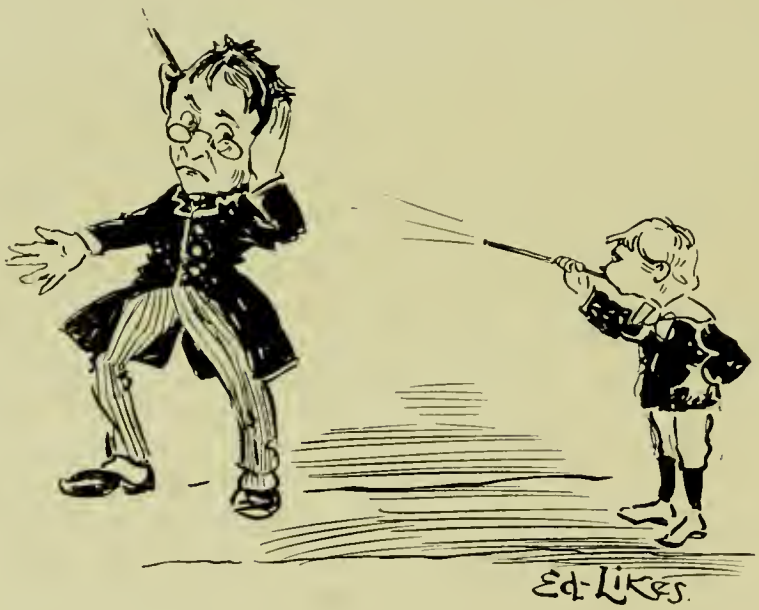
A few jocose queries might not be amiss in this little treatise :

1. How did the Amalkamite get the ophthalmological prize ?
2. What was the common house-student's disease ?
3. What annoyed North Carolina Joe so much when he went to Tolchester ?
4. What did Gilbert do with all that Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club's money ?
5. How did Routson manage to secure the obstetrical prize ?
6. Why didn't Smith win the surgical prize, or why did he absent himself from the swell box-party ?
7. What did Chic drink at the banquet ?
8. What became of little Harry's Bowery girl ?
9. Why did Hughes say " what " so much on that eventful Friday night ?
10. Why did Boyer ever leave the farm ?
11. Why does Buckner now always refuse a drink ?
12. Why did Mills want to remain in the Lying-in Hospital ?
13. Why did Gilbert leave the 'Varsity Inn ?
14. Why was " Baby " such an appropriate name for Cason ?
15. How did it happen that any of us graduated ?

ANSWER *IN TOTO : QUIEN SABE.*

But may the unpleasantries and the pleasantries of our college days convince us that this is only the reflection of what we may expect for the rest of our lives ; stimulating us to forget the past, overcoming our weakness by our strength ; transforming by the rays of the sunlight of the " Teacher Experience " and of true legitimate ambition the mists of careless living, and indifferent speaking into lives possessed of reined in and controlled senses with an increasingly active desire to be useful to humanity at large, and thus being the last class to bid adieu to the closing century, we wish Godspeed and kindly greetings to the succeeding graduates of the new one.

HISTORIAN.



Very True.

Some men prate of fee simples,
As if they were obtained with ease ;
But having no money, I
Must first acquire some simple fees.



The Sport's Finish.

This wasted form which here you see
Was once a knight of high degree ;
A gay and festive sport was he,
Who ne'er had known adversity.

Tall and stately, with dark brown hair,
A dashing mustache and winning air ;
His feet they covered a wide expanse,
O'ershadowed by his white duck pants.

In a sweeping gallop he went through life,
Heedless of his fate—the dissector's knife.
He shuffled the cards, and the dice he threw ;
He played the races—and went broke, too.

And when the toboggan this " sporty " struck,
He lost his nerve and was down on his luck ;
So he took to drinking " the cup that cheers,"
Ate free lunches and drank numerous beers.

Till at last he was pursued by relentless demons,
And died in the hospital of delirium tremens.

Class of 1900.

Officers.

C. Howard Lewis, Maryland . . . . . *President.*
Louis W. Armstrong, Maryland . . . . . *Vice-President.*
Charles A. Beck, New York . . . . . *Secretary.*
George L. Ewalt, Maryland . . . . . *Treasurer.*
Edward S. Smith, Maryland . . . . . *Historian.*
Paul W. Greene, Maryland . . . . . *Poet.*
Rufus S. Kight, Virginia . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Members.

Armstrong, L. W.
Barlow, O. D.
Barrow, C.
Bayne, F. C.
Beck, C. A.
Billingslea, C.
Blake, C. H.
Brooks, F. T.
Bryson, D. R.
Chisholm, J.
Couser, C. C.
Deal, S. M.
DeMarco, S.
Ewalt, G. L.
Freeny, L. C.
Goldsborough, W. W.
Green, T. M.
Greene, P. W.
Grunberg, A.
Hart, E. R.
Heathman, J. D.
Hebb, J. W. Jr.
Hoyt, A. C.
Houff, J.
Houston, W. H.
Hyslop, J. E.
Jenkins, J. H.
Johnston, E. H.
Kahn, H.
Kight, R.
Lansdale, P. S.
Lawford, F.
Lewis, C. H.
Lewis, H. D.
McKelvey, C. M.
McPhail, L. D.
Martin, P. F.
Matthews, A. A.
Medders, D. A.
Miner, R. H.
Mobley, E. L.
Nalley, H.

Naylor, H. A.
O'Hara, A. S.
O'Neill, J. B.
O'Neill, M. A.
Orem, F. S.
Owings, L. G.
Pearre, M. S.
Poole, A.
Reik, A. J. M.
Rees, R. B.
Robertson, J.
Rosier, J. E.
Sappington, J. C.
Schild, E. H.
Skillman, W.
Smith, E. S.
Smith, W. H.
Spear, I. J.
Stone, D. E.
Strickler, H. J.
Strother, W. L.
Tarun, W., Jr.
Teague, J. H.
Thomas, P. J.
Tignor, E. P.
Tompkins, T. S.
Wessell, J. C.
Whitaker, J.
Whitehurst, H.
Wickes, W. F.
Willson, L. D.



"A Doctor of the Old School."

History—Class of 1900.

MOST branches of human activity are limited by natural, economic or moral forces to certain prescribed lines which converge to various special loci for the purpose of primary development by concentration. Then there is a consequent radiation of these factors, and the primary development will either form a nucleus for increase *per se* in this radiating system or atrophy and fade away without result.

No branch of human efforts follows this law more closely than the study and practice of medicine. These forces act continually, and each year finds a new set of agents conforming to this fixed rule in the influx of knowledge-seekers at the college gates, and in the exodus of radiating agents from the sheltering wing of their *Alma Mater*, that go, either to swell, maintain and advance the medical profession, or to expand, like the vari-colored soap-bubble until they burst, leaving only a drop of water to show that they ever had existence—and even this drop rapidly evaporates, and naught is left but a little sediment of impurities—a quackery..

In accordance with this general law, on the first of October, 1896, a new set of converging agents numbering something short of one hundred men, of all ages and from all points of the compass, appeared at the portals of the University of Maryland to commence the process of primary development. On this memorable date, the Class of 1900 began its career. If one had the time to give a minute description of this motley crew, one could easily compile a volume equal to an examination on therapeutics; but only being allowed a year in which to generate this superficial account, such a feat would border on the impossible. The faces represented characters as varied as the faces were numerous.

There were lean men, fat men, intellectual-looking men, stupid-looking men and various nondescripts.

Among the younger elements the pathetic and heart-rending processes of coaxing out the tardy capillary appendages, with which to adorn the persistently smooth upper lip, were in full blast. Alas! one seeks an object for this desecration of the fair velvety skin of the youth without success. Why does he insist on pluming his visage with this hirsute growth that would adorn the

barber's wastebox or the prairie to much better effect? It is true, it possesses all the qualities that go to make up a good filter according to our "hygienic" researches; but, then, has he no consideration for the sweet lips that may be cruelly pricked by this superfluous "stubble"?

Sufficeth to say that it is one of the inexplicable idiosyncrasies of the verdant youth which have puzzled philosophers and delighted barbers *ab initio*.

The inflated man, as is always the case with one afflicted with a superfluity of fat, poses as one benign, glistening, pleasant mass of rotundity with a tranquil countenance never rippled by the slightest sign that would indicate mental strife, or, in fact, betoken that there was any particular place in his anatomy in which a "mental" strife could exist.

The only sign of life about him is the automatic use of his hat as a fly-fan and the continuous oozing of water through the ill-puttied seams of his make-up, which have been so stretched by internal expansion that he is no longer able to contain himself, but does naught but *sweat*, SWEAT, SWEAT until one is forcibly reminded of the sub-soil water and spring system which gives origin to the beautiful mountain rivulets on the banks of which we are prone to regale the idle hours of summer.

But enough of this (Board of Editors concur):

There is also evident amongst this group the crystalline or angular variety. Upon beholding this spectacle, one is inspired with pity—there seems to be such an air of insufficient nourishment that the kind-hearted immediately goes over, shakes the transparent atrophied hand of this ethereal being, and says: "Do come join me in a mug and some free lunch." There is a wan smile of assent, and they hie away to the festive dispenser of "dark" and "light shells," "ponies" and "barber poles" to imbibe a mug or *stein* of that which sets all earthly cares at naught.

There are little men with big brains, big men with little brains, in this assemblage. Occasionally in such gatherings one is likely to find certain human agents without any brains. I forget the exact species of the Genus Homo, but an analogy is struck in the animal kingdom in relation to Balaam and his trip to the land of Moab. I only mention this human anomaly to make the startling assertion that there was a conspicuous absence of it in the crowd that surged before the "gilded" doors of the University on this memorable October morning.

Noses and ears of all imaginable shapes and colors could be seen; but one nose especially stood out prominent for inspection because of its very negativeness. Cyrano de Bergerac and this lad with an equal nasal distribution

would make very comely men, I am sure. But it corresponds to the whole of human life—one gets all, the other nothing. But I think the case of Cyrano was more hopeless, for if he had had a piece of his nose cut off, then there would have remained an ugly scar ; but in the case of our youthful contemporary, a weight attached to the delinquent member every night before retiring might alleviate the " ingrowing " condition of the nose without, at least, an increased disfigurement.

Alas ! for the intellectual-looking man—he will soon discover the error of his ways when he awakes to the conclusion that what he does not know will fill two Congressional Libraries ; throw in Gray's Anatomy, and various other obsolete volumes.

At last the doors were swung, and the conquering heroes trod for the first time their adopted home for the next four years. The jovial Dean, beaming with holy joy, welcomed them one by one, shaking hands with his right hand, while with his left he received the " *open sesame* " in the form of a fat check direct from papa's reluctant check book.

Time passed pleasantly enough during the first year. There were no "exams," and consequently the members of this class alternated the tedious " breaking in " study with sundry expeditions to " see the town " and, sorrah the day, some were so enraptured at the sight that they are at it yet.

The lean man now sees, through the dim vista of uncertainty, beautiful pastures in which to roam and graze to his heart's content. He has the opportunity to partake of dense masses of mental food until his head reaches a size that threatens apoplexy. This boarding-house, also, furnishes dense masses of food for his inner man, of which he may also partake until bursting is threatened in another quarter.

I mention—" dense "—well, this is the most appropriate word with which to describe a student's life during the first year. He arrives at the University in a state of dense ignorance, intellectually. He begins then to relieve this density by attending dense lectures and by dense studying of denser subjects. He morally and spiritually sinks into a condition of dense uncertainty. He eats dense chunks of food, drinks dense liquids, and spends dense sums of papa's cash, and finally winds up at the end of the year in a condition of densest idiocy. One cannot but marvel at the general air of density that characterizes the very existence of the student in the first portion of his course. But delightful April, with its budding flowers and balmy zephyrs, comes to relieve the monotony of this uncertain life, and this delightful month was a God-send to the Class of 1900, for it gave them once more a chance to breathe fresh country air, to shake off the shackles of a restricted life, to close

those instruments of torture, the text-books; for awhile at least flee as a bird back to the home of their childhood and the bosoms of their families.

In the early part of this year, when the plodders were just emerging from the dim mist of uncertainty that shrouds the initial year of study, the grim reaper came to interrupt the earthly endeavors of one of the most congenial of our members. But Death could not destroy the memory of his associates, and the name of Walter Dudley will ever exist in the minds of his classmates—well beloved while he lived; deeply mourned when he died.

When time had now flown well enough along to allow the freshman class of 1901 to feel its importance and to become obstreperous, it became evident that measures would have to be taken to reduce this presumptious gang of youths to their proper status.

Consequently, after a new election of officers, the Class of 1900, in sundry secret meetings, devised means by which this task could be best accomplished. The audacious freshman who dared to "sport" a hirsute chin was solemnly warned by mysterious poster placed in the halls of the University that his conduct was construed to result from presumptiousness, and unless said growth was removed in twenty-four hours, a desperate band of men had determined to resent the insult by forcibly removing the offending adornment in a less scientific and gentle manner than would even become a poor barber. Choice seats in the various study halls were forbidden the verdant "freshy," and restrictions were placed on other privileges that make his conduct as a freshman unbecoming and highly offensive to the dignified and sedate "soph."

The freshmen naturally took exception to this summary manner in which they were dealt with, and the result was an increased growth of whiskers and an independent strut that would have put the stage villain to shame. Belligerent articles were immediately drawn up by the offended "sophs," and war to the teeth was decided upon.

The climax to this drama occurred one balmy afternoon when the unsuspecting "freshies" came marching down from a late lecture, swelling with pride and exaltation. A band of the strongest sophs had collected at the first landing and as each one of these youthful "swell-heads" made his appearance, he was unceremoniously seized and hurled through space, irrespective of whether heels or head were on top, until the ground floor checked the force of gravity, and a resounding "thump" rang out the note of the downfall that always follows pride. This process continued until each freshman had received his reprimand, and as each hit the floor he gradually picked himself up with a "lost-soul" expression, and painfully limped

towards home. I was never so forcibly reminded of Virgil and Dante viewing the streams of lost souls coursing through Hell, as I was on seeing this stream of freshmen sailing through the buoyant ether to join their friends who had preceded them in their downward flight.

After this occurrence, peace reigned supreme, and broken hats, collars and limbs were forgotten for the time, in the near approach of the first series of "exams" for the Class of 1900. A peculiar metamorphosis took place spontaneously about this time—a strange "hollow eye" and "leanness" became common to all the "sophs," and as the dreaded week approached symptoms of this peculiar malady increased. During the examination week the excitement was intense. In most cases the examinations were a condition of *veni, vidi, vici*, but after it was all over there were no triumphant marches, no shouting—complete exhaustion held sway over body and brain, and more dead than alive the Class of 1900 once more departed from the gates of the *Alma Mater* to spend a six-month in the recuperative enjoyment of home.

October 1, 1898, saw the reappearance of the now famous 1900 as Juniors. All had fully recovered and were ready to step into the ring once more to battle for supremacy. The latter part of 1898 and the portion of 1899 already elapsed only served to elevate the already high standard of the Class of 1900. The relative positions of the ladder-climbers has changed somewhat, perhaps, but there still exists a howling, angry mob of twenty or more around the top. Great will be the credit due him who finally stands forth as the victor in the Battle Royal.

One more year will complete the primary development of the class of congenial toilers, and then—before the footlights with spike-tailed coats and low-cut vests—they will make their first bow as graduates. Then will commence life's discouraging struggle—to live or die, sink or swim.

Time alone will tell the tale—we, after all, are naught but puppets with which the Fates amuse themselves. So let credit be, to him who falls fighting valiantly, as well as to him who fights and lives to reap his reward.

◆

Bone Felon.—"Stiff stealing."

A Trained Nurse's Valentine.

◆

For my Valentine I chose Aesculapius ;
Not the myth ancient poets discuss,
But a modern Mr. seeking fame
With a large M. D. after his name.
For as the tensor paliti to the Hamilar,
So clings my glance to his oculart.
For me there'd be no greater bliss
Than to rest my temporal on his pectoralis ;
If he will my life's demonstrator be
I'll confer on him my anatomy,
And for his cerebrum's delection
I'll hold a clinic on cardiac vivisection.





CLASS OF 1901.

Class of 1901.

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◆

Booze.

While seated at a table, he
  Drank foaming steins of liquid—eight.
Then searched his jeans for dough, with which
  The bar-keep's bill to liquidate.

◆

It Was.

Lord Campbell's old act,
As a well-known fact,
    Was beneficial legislation ;
It supports the "wids"
And raises the "kids,"
    Taking the burden off the nation.

History—Class of 1901.



As a class history, the following is comparable with the best literature of modern times. Remarks in parentheses are by the editors.

AS the last fading rays of September, 1898, glided rapidly into the ocean of eternity, there ushered into Baltimore a conglomeration of "Doctors" to be, to the tune of three-score and ten, who, keeping "Time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme," were ushered through the corridors of the University of Maryland to contribute fuel to that already inextinguishable flame of knowledge burning in the shrine of learning (and to contribute their fees to the bank account of the Faculty).

So we came as a mountain stream rushing onward through the enchanted regions of romance (and with a freshness like unto that of new-laid eggs). So we came as a fragrant stream of knowledge, nourishing each flower upon its banks. The birds filling the atmosphere with swelling waves of melody sang our praises (and the police recorded our deeds). Even the grass, with its beautiful mantle of green, seemed to turn pale with envy as we passed (for never before had it been brought into rivalry with a greener greenness).

Do I hear my gentle reader say: "All this display is 'Much ado about nothing.'" Listen, my fellow-sufferers, while I elucidate (no bouquets, please). It simply shows the high esteem in which the Class of 1901 is held (by itself—Eds.), for it has once more entered the classic halls of the University of Maryland, and is swallowed up in the crowds of the metropolis like a drop in the bosom of the sea. Some have come forth from the mountains, crowned with musical forests, and others from the valleys where golden harvests wave beneath the rolling strain (and not a few were just from jail). They realized the year was not like the last (for none of their former boarding-houses would take them back). They knew they had something more to do than to go to and fro from lectures. (There were lectures to be cut.) They knew that this year was as important as any to come. They knew it meant lucubration under the heat of a burning lamp (and beer beneath the belt). They knew it meant feeding the hungry dream of knowledge (the hungry dream of food with free lunch). They knew they had to keep

painted upon the canvas of their minds a "purpose" (to keep the town painted red).

These, indeed, were duties and responsibilities very arduous. They may be compared to those laid upon Hamlet, "The effect of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." But with brave hearts and enthusiastic hopes these hardy sons of toil robed themselves with the armor of might, and are waiting patiently for the fight (and the exams).

Dr. Winslow started the ball a-rolling by lecturing on anatomy in his usual fluent (?) manner. So the ice had been broken, and we were now to drink deep of the "Pierean Spring" (to say nothing of the keg). The next meeting of Dr. Winslow's was, of course, looked forward to with the greatest delectation, for it was a quiz, and one worthy of note.

Dr. Winslow to Hare—Mr. Hare, describe the "*Pons asinorum*" of anatomy.

Hare—Doctor, I am confused. I feel myself floating on an ocean of human imagination, without compass to direct me, tending toward neither pole, and without a coast to land upon.

The Doctor—That will do, Hare. Mr. Sappington, do you know?

"Doc, I feel like one in the midst of a river on the point of being drowned without hope of succor."

Ainsworth to Sappington—That's no joke, for when Dr. Miles gets hold of you in the spring you will be drowned.

Dr. Winslow—Mr. Fout, can you rectify matters for us?

But Fout was in the deplorable and lamentable situation of the pious Aeneas, when "*Obstupuid Stetesuntque Cormae, et vox faucibus haesit.*"

"Mr. Storlings, let us hear you."

"Doctor, my memory stands patiently fishing in the pool of the past for the enduring relics of by-gone days."

"Now, Mr. Waters, last but not least, try your hand at it."

But, alas! the thoughts of Waters seemed to be soaring high into the clouds, and he was heard to exclaim with Cicero: "*O du immortales ubinam gentium Sumus.*"

"Now, gentlemen," said Dr. Winslow, "allow me to congratulate you upon your answers. And I am sure if you continue in the path which you seem to be traveling you will soon find the bridge which will carry you over all anatomical difficulties."

The next day this sign appeared upon the door :

All those wishing to be Quizzed
please sign names.

Dr. Winslow.

The babbling day had touched the hem of night's garment (which, we infer, is a night shirt) and weary and still dropped asleep in her bosom ; when, as I wandered towards the University, I saw standing on the corner—no, my gentle readers, not a " yaller gal," but no other than Davis, my old dissecting partner. He looked as if he had the cares of the world upon him, and as I approached him I noticed a liquid tear trembling upon his closing eyelids. He told me he was thinking of one afar off on exotic shores (we imagine that it is very painful to live on exotic shores) a " woman of her gentle sex a seeming paragon." That she was his angel and his dream, and as " a lily upon the river floating, she floated upon the river of his thoughts." How much he said would I love to feel her little pulse and listen to those " muffled drums playing funeral marches to the grave." After listening to his " tale of woe " I took him around the corner and administered " spiritus frumenti," after which he seemed greatly relieved.

In the reading-room of the Y. M. C. A. one morning Ainsworth and Waters were discussing the theory of a man (Schenk by name) who had led thousands of young men into the green pastures of knowledge and placed them beside the pleasant fountain of wisdom.

Ainsworth to Waters—I wonder, Waters, whether we could get a microscope powerful enough to determine from the egg whether the future embryo will be a male or female.

Waters—I don't know. I wonder if we could get one powerful enough to determine whether it will have chicken pox or measles

We seem to have within our ranks a modern Hudibras—Reekes by name, for—

"He is in logic a great critic.
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
He can distinguish and divide
A hair twixt South and South West Side."

Mr. Wrench, remarking on Kipling's recent poem, thought it very good, but it ought to have run thusly :

"Take up the student's burden—
A great and praiseworthy thing.
Go place upon his brow
The cap of Wisdom's sting.
Crown him with knowledge and wit galore,
For examinations will soon be here,
And he will need even—more."
(We admit this to help fill the page.)

Our class consists of a galaxy of glittering names in the temple of fame. We are told by those who have imbibed at the fountain of wisdom that we should not brood over the dreary past, nor dream of the uncertain future, but that we should live in the present (and eat all we can). And I am afraid that many who are firm advocates of everything "that falleth from the lips of the wise" will, when the examinations come, wish they had sailed more frequently on the sea of the uncertain future. But "Sweet is pleasure after pain," and after it is all over they will once more return to their beloved homes (and creditors) to find that the birds sing as gay as ever, the flowers bloom as lovely, and that Peace has folded her dew-spangled wings and lies sleeping in the vale on a bed of violets, with her tiny feet wrapped up in the green leaves of happiness, and that Contentment sits upon the sunny side of a hill indulging in felicitous dreams.

Thus endeth the first chapter—"*Pax vobiscum*" (for which praises be to the immortal gods !)

HISTORIAN.

Class of 1902.

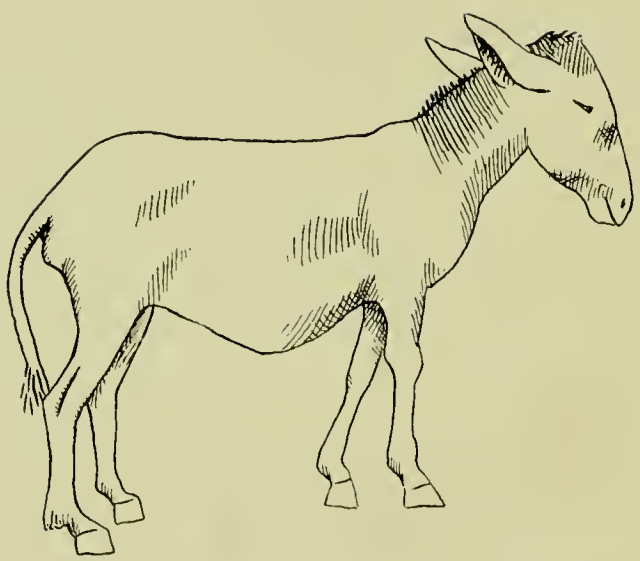
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Wood, H. W.
Yourtee, G. W.



◆

Quizzicus—Doctor, did you say the outlaw shot Mr. Jones in the woods ?"

Doctor—No ; I said he shot him in the lumbar region."

My dear Jack.

Knowing that you have studied all about germs and such things at the University, I enclose a clipping from a medical paper and I want your opinion on the subject, at once.

If you think there is any truth in it, come around Sunday night and we can discuss the subject more fully.

Lovingly yours,

"Pet."

P.S. Come early and don't forget to shave.

June, first, ninety nine.

The Science of Kissing.

◆

WHEN the o'er busy bacteriologists first announced that osculation was a dangerous pastime, that divers and sundry varieties of bacteria hopped blithely back and forth, engendering disease and death, I undertook a series of experiments solely in the interest of science. I succeeded in demonstrating that osculation when practiced with reasonable discretion and unfaltering industry, is an infallible antidote for at least half the ills that human flesh is heir to. The reason that the doctors arrived at a different conclusion is because they kissed indiscriminately and reasoned inductively. They found on casting up the account that bad breath and face powder, the sour-milk bottle of youth and the chilling frost of age, comprised six-sevenths of the sum total. Under such conditions there was nothing to do but establish a quarantine. I pointed out that a health microbe as well as a disease bacillus nidificates on the osculatory apparatus, and added that failure to absorb a sufficient quantity of these hygiologic germs into the

system causes old maids to look jaundiced and bachelors to die sooner than benedicts. Kisses, when selected with due care and taken on the installment plan, will not only restore a misplaced appetite, but are especially beneficial in cases of hay fever, as they banish that tired feeling, tone up the liver, invigorate the heart, and make the blood to sing thro' the system like a giant jewsharp. I found by patient experiment that the health microbe became active at fifteen, reaches maturity at twenty, begins to lose its vigor at forty, and is quite useless as a tonic when, as someone has tersely expressed it, a woman's kisses begin to " taste of her teeth." Thin, bluish lips produce very few health germs, and those scarce worth the harvesting ; but a full, red mouth, with Cupid curves at the corners, will yield enormously if the crop be properly cultivated. I did not discover whether the blonde or brunette variety is entitled to precedence in medical science, but incline to the opinion that a judicious admixture is most advisable from a therapeutical standpoint. Great care should be taken when collecting the germs not to crush them by violent collision, or blow them away with a loud explosion that sounds like hitting an empty sugar hogshead with a green hide. The practice still prevailing in many parts of this country of chasing a young woman over the furniture and around the barn like an amateur cowboy trying to rope a maverick, rounding her up in the presence of a dozen people, unscrewing her neck, and planting almost any place a kiss that sounds like a muley cow pulling her hind foot out of a black-waxy mud-hole, and which jars the putty off the window panes, possesses no more curative powers than hitting a flitch of bacon with the back of your hand. I prithee, avoid it ; when a girl runs from a kiss you may take it for granted either that the germ crop is not ripe or you are poaching on somebody else's preserves. The best results can be obtained about the midnight hour, when the dew is on the rose, the jasmine bud drunken with its own perfume, and the mockbird trilling a last good-night to its drowsy mate. You entice your best girl into the garden to watch Venus' flaming orb hanging like the Kohinoor pendant from the crescent moon. You pause beneath the great gnarled live oak, its myriad leaves rustling softly as the wings of seraphs. Don't be in a hurry, and for God's sake don't gab—in such a night silence is the acme of eloquence. " In such a night Trolius mounted the Trojan walls and sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents where Cressid lay." She watches the fireflies respiring in phosphorescent flame, amid the clover blooms while you watch her, and twine a spray of honeysuckle in her hair. She looks very beautiful with her face upturned in the moonlight ; but don't say a word about it, for there's a little of the poseur about all the daughters of Eve. She withdraws her eyes from

the stars, slowly, turns them dreamily upon yours, and you note that they are filled with astral fire. They roam idly over the shadowy garden, then close as beneath a weight of weariness. Her head rests more heavily against your shoulder, and her bosom trembles with a half-audible sigh. There is now really no occasion for further delay. Do not swoop down upon the health-germs like a hungry hen-hawk on a green gosling, but incline your head gently until your carefully deodorized breath is upon her lips—there pause, for the essence of enjoyment is in anticipation. The man who gulps down a glass of old wine without first inhaling its œnanthic and feasting his eyes upon its ruddy splendors, is simply a sot. Wait until you have noted the dark lashes reclining upon the cheek of sun-flushed snow, "the charm of married brows," the throat of alabaster, the dimple in her chin, the wine-tint of her half-parted lips, with their glint of pearl—wait until her eyes half open, look inquiringly into yours, and close again, then cincture her gently but firmly with one arm, support her chin with the other hand, and give the health germs ample time to change their home. A kiss, to have any scientific value, should last one minute and seven seconds by Shrewsbury clock, and be repeated seven times, not in swift succession, but with the usual interval between wine at a symposiac. Byron did these things differently, but the author of *Don Juan* is not a safe example for young folks to follow. He pictures Mars lying with his head in the lap of Venus,

> "Feeding on thy sweet cheek, while thy lips are
> With lava-kisses melting while they burn,
> Shower'd on his eyelids, brow and mouth as from an urn."

That may be eminently satisfactory to Mars, but scarce proper for Venus. It is exciting, but not scientific. It suggests charity children gorging themselves with plum pudding rather than poetic natures drunken with beauty and fragrance, swooning 'neath the sweetness of a duet sung by their own chaste souls. The dyspeptic who cannot recover by following my prescription deserves to die. The pessimist whom it doesn't make look at life thro' rose-tinted glasses should be excluded from human society. The hypochondriac whom it doesn't help ought to be hanged. There is not a human ill, unless it be hypocrisy—for which nature does not provide a remedy, and I recommend the health germ which builds its nest on lovely woman's lips as worth more than the whole materia medica. I don't know whether it will raise the dead, but I've always doubted the story that Egypt kissed the cold lips of her Roman Antony—have suspected it would have brought me back to life and love had I been dead a month. The unscientific catch-as-catch-can

kiss has no more beneficial effect than slapping yourself in the face with a raw beefsteak. It is but a slight improvement on the civilization of Ashantee, where a man proposes marriage by knocking his Dulcinea down with a club and dragging her through the backwoods' pasture by the hair of the head ; but kisses properly taken, beneath the stars and among the roses, are the perennial fount of youth for which Ponce de Leon sailed far seas in vain searching for the blessed Bimini.

The Med's Confession.

When I went to college to be an M. D.,
One night rather groggy D. T.'s came to me.
And so while the demons were hovering o'er
They " diagnosed " me until I was sore.

They said they were sure I'd have endocarditis,
With traces of neuro-dichrotic cystitis.
There were osseous abnormal sphenoidal dimensions,
With ecchymosed hypo-nephritic retentions.

They said I'd have ankylosed neurosed gastritis,
Hepatic stagnation acute meningitis,
Meningeal hemorrhage clearly prenatal,
Locomotor ataxia, lingering but fatal.

They said I inclined toward brain aberration,
When cardiac murmurs, disturbed circulation,
Then added next time they would be more explicit,
But I awoke : Nit, old boy, this is liquor sufficit.

In Memoriam.

We never more shall see him,
  He now is with the blest ;
He got appendicitis,
  And—Winslow did the rest !

Grinds.

H. M. S. Carson—The helpless look of blooming infancy.

P. L. Boyer—Sometimes a violent laughter screwed his face.

T. Dale Gilbert—The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

James E. Cathell—He was a man of unbounded stomach.

G. M. Van Poole—For when a smiling face doth cloak deceit,
It is our duty to expose the cheat.

J. P. Whitehead—There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

E. J. Nixon—Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp.

Robert Thomas Stephen Steele—His very name a title page, and next
His life a commentary on the text.

Edward Quarles—Since dust makes thirst,
And man is only dust,
It follows, then, since thou art man,
That drink thou must.

Milton W. Whitehurst—I lead the mighty baseball team
That from the ball does knock the seam,
And of the hockey I am the cream
Of all the college.

William S. Hall—Oh ! the pain of pains,
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another.

The Legal Profession.

Most people think a student's life
  Is fraught with joys serene ;
But should they strike the Law School push,
  They'd change their minds, I ween.
Attending lectures one hour long
  For three good years or MORE,
May seem an easy task at first,
  But proves a beastly bore.
The Elements of Law's no cinch ;
  Real Property is tough ;
There's Corporations, Bills and Notes ;
  But this isn't half enough ;
For if you wish to graduate,
  Some Contracts you must know ;
And Evidence and Practice, too,
  Help fill your cup with woe ;
And Admiralty and Equity
  Title for good measure,
And several more that I could name,
  Awaiting your good pleasure (?).
But after all exams are passed
  And full-fledged lawyers, we
Hang out our shingle to the breeze
  And dream of our first fee.
Day after day, week after week,
  We wait, and wait, and wait,
Like many a hungry fisherman
  Watching his dangling bait.
Our face at last is wreathed in smiles—
  A man comes in the door.
"And does he want a lawyer ?" No,
  He's begging for the poor !
And thus the years glide slowly by
  Until life's work is done—
The legal guys that advertise,
  They scoop in all the mon.

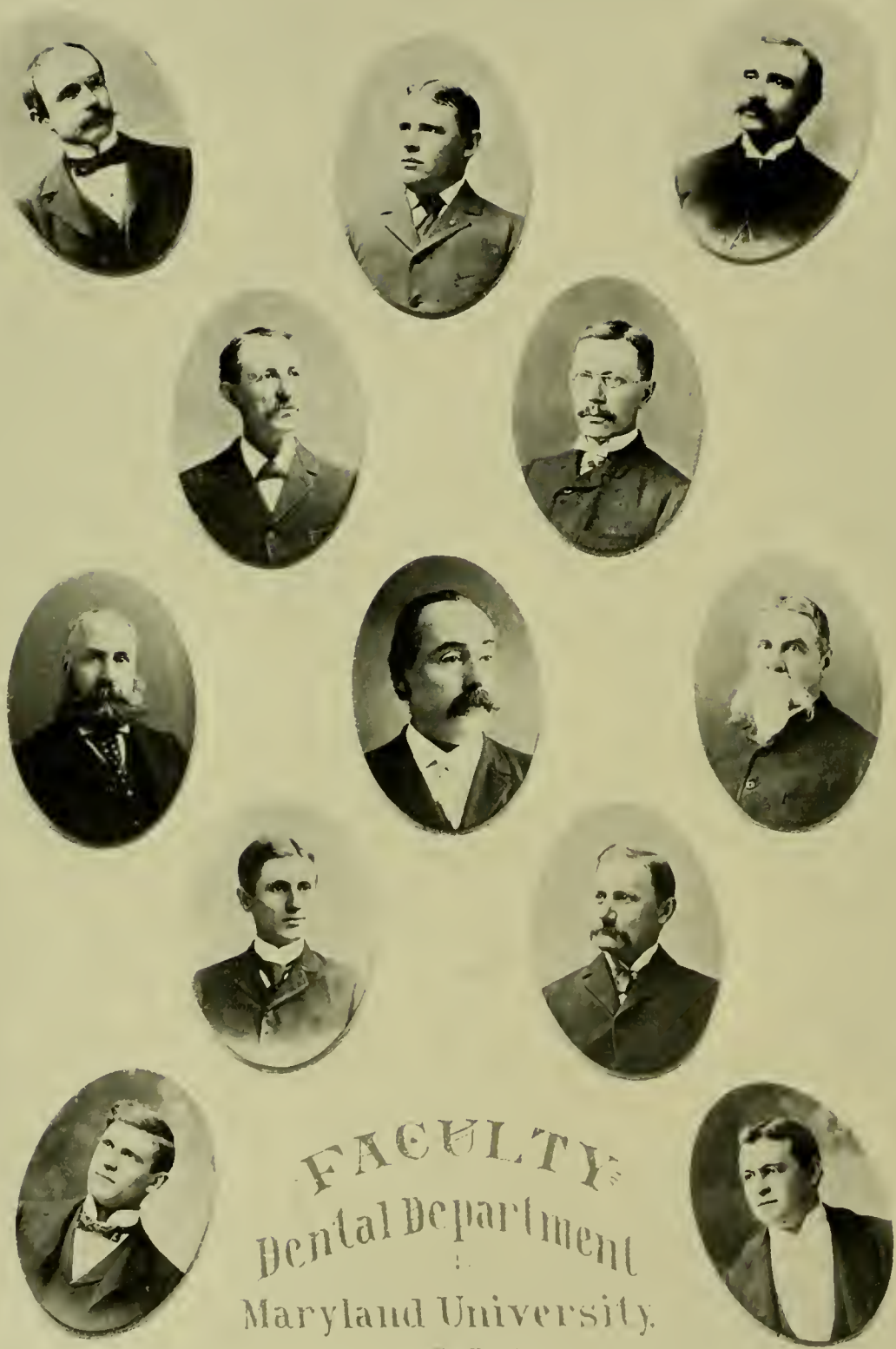
◆

MR. QUICQUID—Did you say the name was Bones, Molars and Briefs ?

MR. SICSEMPER—It might just as well have been Bones, Bi-cuspids, and Cussed-Bipeds !

MOLARS.





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Maryland University.

1897.

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McLeod, W. R., ... South Carolina.

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Orr, B. F., ... Virginia.

Xi Psi Phi.

Outcalt, C. E., ... West Virginia.

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Petty, R. . . . . New York.

Pitts, J. W. . . . . South Carolina.

Pond, W. R., ... Vermont.

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Price, Warren . . . . . Maryland.
Secretary.

Roach, J. A., Jr., ... North Carolina.
Xi Psi Phi.

Scott, R. J., Jr., ... New York.
Xi Psi Phi.
Class Prophet.

Scott, W. P., ... Maine.

Shannon, W. T. . . . . Georgia.
Historian.

Shecut, L. C., ... South Carolina.
Xi Psi Phi.
Valedictorian.

Smith, F. E., ... New Brunswick.
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Stover, H. C. . . . . Pennsylvania.

Styne, M. F. . . . . Virginia.

Takashima, T. . . . . Japan.

Tibbetts, W. H. . . . . New York.

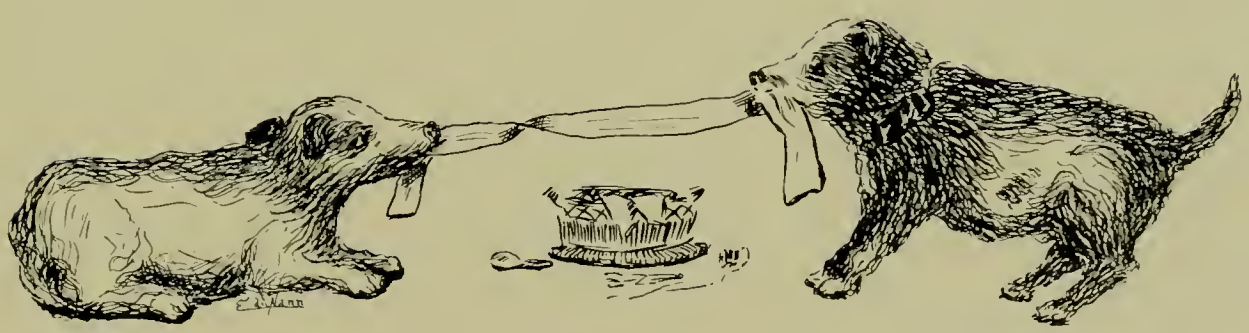
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Wardlaw, A. B., ... South Carolina.
Xi Psi Phi.

White, L. M., ... New York.
Xi Psi Phi.

Whittaker, Joel . . . . . North Carolina.

Wise, W. H. . . . . Virginia.
Chairman Executive Committee.



History—Class of '99.

THE Class of 1899 is large numerically, moderately moral, and strictly genteel.

We hail from seventeen of the United States and eight different countries not yet annexed, though our boundaries are expanding so rapidly that were I prophet instead of historian I would venture the prediction that the foreigners of the class will do homage to Old Glory and be under the protection of Uncle Sam ere these young gentlemen acquire wealth or fame by the practice of dental surgery.

We have gathered from all parts of our glorious Union—from where the Atlantic's waves kiss the rising sun to where the Pacific's golden waters lull to rest the setting orb ; from the ice-bound coast of Maine to the great hills of dear old Georgia.

While our homes are scattered North, South, East and West, we thank God that as American gentlemen, the sons and grandsons of brave sires who wore the Blue and the Gray, no memory of civil strife can sweep our hearts apart. When the cry of the oppressed was heard, it was heeded alike by Yank and by Reb, and now victors on land and sea with the Stars and Stripes above us, and the Stars and Bars lovingly folded away, we are one people whom the empires of the East must and do respect.

But war and bloody chasms are not my theme, for dentists have little to do with the one, and the only chasm the Class of '99 feels interested in is the cavernous opening in man's face, and, though we are but common people, we will soon be ready to supply, in our dental parlors, to every man able to pay for the luxury, a "crown," not of "thorns," but of "gold."

Why should men differ about annexing the isles of the sea ? Come spend your cash with us, and we will fill-up-in your mouths your molars and grinders, so that if grim-visaged war call you to the front you can masticate with greatest ease hard tack and canned beef, whether "bleached" or "embalmed."

Our class is of unusual composition. We have one *White* member and three *Brown* ones ; one called *Wise* and sixty-seven otherwise ; we have one *Baker*, one who is dubbed *Petty*, and one of great *Price* ; one *King*, three *Smiths*, and an only *Jones* ; one from the *Pitts* and another of *Steel* ; one is *Johnson*, another is *Johnston* ; while the balance of the gang are each somebody's son, a Russian, Pole or a Jap.

We have made records in the athletic field, for at baseball, football and on the track all of us either played and won or "rooted," making life a horror with our tiny spieler's horns and tinkling cowbells. These little horns we bequeath to our posterity to enable them to shout our praises when we are far away. Some of us have a speaking acquaintance with the pastors and Sunday school teachers of this "Christian" city, and are not unknown at the Y. M. C. A., while all of the crew can spot a free-lunch counter or dodge a cop.

We have not neglected the ladies—young or old, and all handsome. To these students' widows we waive a last fond adieu. We loved you as Fresh, Juniors and Seniors. May our successors be more interesting than we have been.

The hasheries! Ah! there we will be missed, and possibly remembered by unpaid "grub bills." As we leave the city we may not carry much luggage, and if the market is flooded with second-hand trunks, just heave a sigh and say: "The only mementoes the students left with their landladies."

Our places in the peanut gallery others must fill, for soon we will fold our gowns around us and silently steal away. To the fairies of the footlights we kiss our hand. We must "from this land begone." Smile your sweetest smiles on those who come after us. May you never grow old or ugly!

What we have accomplished in our studies, time alone can tell. If we have failed, the fault is all our own, for in no school are pupils more intelligently and faithfully instructed than in the University of Maryland. To the entire Faculty, and for the Class of 1899, I desire to record our gratitude for and express our appreciation of your untiring efforts in our behalf. You have been patient when we were inattentive or dull, courteous when we were rebellious or despondent, and at all times you have sought to fill our minds with knowledge of our chosen profession, and of how to practically apply what we learned.

And now, my companions, our class history ends, and the battle of life begins. For years we have been associating together. In college halls and in the infirmary and laboratory we have studied and striven to fit ourselves for what lies before us. As we part and wend our several ways back home, let us each resolve to carry from the old University only love for each other, veneration for our *Alma Mater* and profound respect for our professors, and as we mingle with our fellowmen may it be our highest ambition to become Christian gentlemen, not envious, plodding "tooth-carpenters," but skilled and courteous Doctors of Dental Surgery.

HISTORIAN.

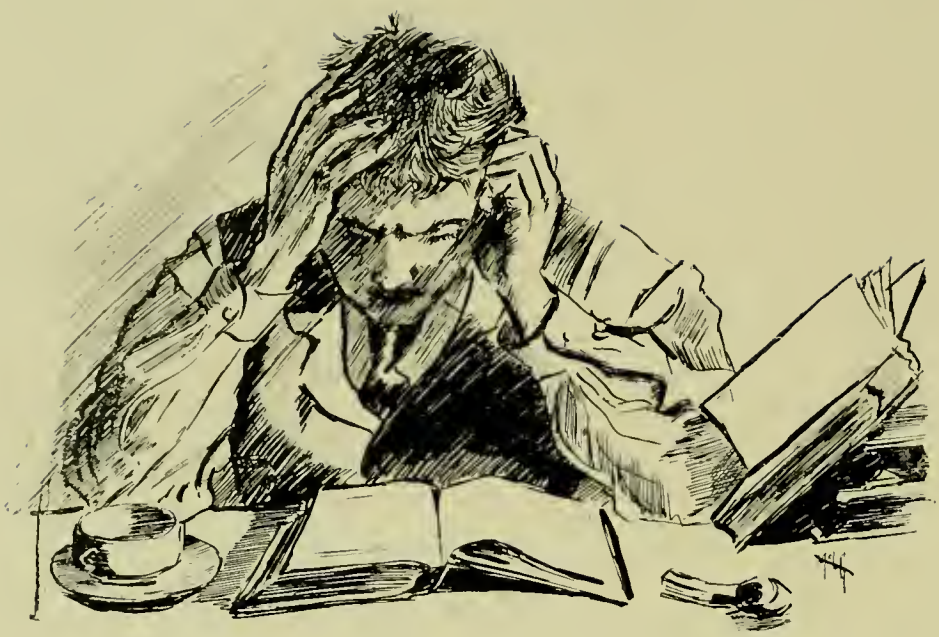
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◆

Arnold, J. P.
Allison, G.
Armstrong, R. E.
Basehoar, C. S.
Barras, J. D.
Branet, J. G.
Brown, J. F.
Browning, J. B.
Bourdier, J. W.
Bucher, J. C.
Bush, W. L.
Burt, S. S.
Conrad, T. E.
Dean, S. P.
Drew, P. L.
Douglass, R. W.
Dressel, L.
Engelskircher, E. M.
Earman, J. S.
Evans, E. T.
Farnsworth, A. W.
Franklin, R. A.
Grow, F. H. S.
Haff, T. N.
Halpern, S.
Harris, T. A.
Hammond, C. W.
Hartman, D. R.
Himmler, C. W.
Jackson, R. W.
King, H. A.
Liggett, J. L.
Linthicum, F. S.
Lightner, H. A.
Leonard, B. F.
Linscott, A. F.
Lynch, C. D.
Mann, B. F.
Martin, T. F.
McCann, D. B.
Miller, E. S.
Norton, O. W.
Oberdick, H. G.
O'Donoghue, D. C.
Osteen, N. R., Jr.
Paget, J. H.
Peavey, D. B.
Preston, S.
Reaves, R. L.
Rogers, J. R.
Seon, N. M.
Southwick, W. R.
Stien, A.
Sumner, C. F.
Taylor, G. W.
Taylor, W. W.
Tillotson, R. R.
Wayman, W. N.

Class of 1901.

Allen, W. E.
Bachman, A. C.
Beverly, G. R.
Bowen, G. M.
Bresnahan, J. J.
Birdsell, C. C.
Bristol, E. D.
Chew, C. E.
Crumrine, R. E.
Davis, D. K.
Dewit, H. N.
Eaddy, A. G.
Eckenrode, H. M.
Elliott, W. R.
Fischer, G.
Freenness, H.
Ewing, J. E.
Gilkinson, A. W.
Gitschell, J. L.
Hamilton, T. W.
Hughes, H. C.
Hawley, G. M.
Jackson, H. J.
Jackson, J. D.
Johnson, F. M.
Keister, J. B.
Kerr, M. A.
Liessier, N. J.
Marler, J. G.
Moses, H. E.
Mobley, J. P.
Montgomery, A.
Meyers, J. E.
Myers, J. E.
Myers, J. S.
Massey, J. W.
McCormick, J. J.
McClers, J. S.
Maddox, H. W.
Owen, F. M.
Owings, T. K.
Parks, C. M.
Parker, J. P.
Peirce, G. W.
Ramsburg, S. C.
Rea, W. A.
Radcliff, A. A.
Ralston, W. C.
Rockwell, J. S.
Taylor, E. R.
Sheeley, H. M.
Shelly, W. S.
Shipman, W. L.
Stephens, J. B.
Spratt, J. L.
Smallwood, F. E.
Swarth, J. E.
Smithson, C. F.
Taft, A. W.
Thomson, R. W.
Queby, C. T.
Wotson, H. C.
Watson, J. A.
Watson, W. B.
Watkins, J. C.
Willey, H. S.
Wingate, W. J.
Wooten, J. W.
Winkleman, W. D.
Watt, J. F.
Wistrator, A. A.
Van Nostrand, J. H.
Van Ommus, W. L.



A GRINDER.

Grinds.

HARRIS—" A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye."

ALEXANDER—" Shake off this drowsy sleep."

BRAGDON—" If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast."

WARDLAW—" So weary with disasters."

JOHNSTON, G. S.—" Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves will never tremble."

DAILEY—" He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows the fits of the seasons."

SMITTY, F. E.
HANKIN.
SCOTT, W. E. } " Three great ones of the city."

HOLEY—" Horribly stuffed with epistles of war."

MCIVER—" 'Tis but a fantasy."

STEELE—" Of unimproved mettle, hot and full."

MCCONNELL—" Our chiefest courtier."

BAKER—" He was a man.
Take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

BROWN, W. F.—" Then saw you not his face."

TAKASHIMA—" I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."

MOSCOVITZ—" He could on either side dispute, confute, change hands, and still confute."

SHANNON—" Beauty or Wit is all I find."

JOHNSON—" Who knows himself a braggart, let him fear this :
For it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass."

SCOTT, J. R.—" He hearkens after prophecies and dreams."

HOLLINGER—" Last night the very gods showed me a vision."

FILLMORE—" In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most mild, most troubled, and distressed."

FAUNTLEROY—" Where's now that labour'd niceness in thy dress,
And all those arts that did the spark express ? "

TROPP—" If many goes before, all ways do lie open."

LINEWEAVER—" Never on man did heavenly rays so shine
With rays so strong, distinguished and divine."

LOGAN—" I never in all my life did hear a challenge more modestly."

PITTY—" Powder thy radiant hair."

SMITH, G. C.—" Hail ! wedded love, perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

OUTCALT—" The seasons when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know."

PRICE—" Love no more is made by the fireside, but in the cooler shade."

BROOKER—" We walk in dreams on fairy lands,
Where golden ore lies mixed with common sand."

WHITTAKER—" Of athletics never tired."

POND—" To her lanes we do deliver you."

CLINE—" I have not that alacrity of spirit, nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have."

ORE—" Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute."

MARSHALL—" First in the council to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue debate."

WISE—" Who loves, raves ;
'Tis Youth's frenzy ;
But to curse is bitterer still."

KING—" With such deceits he gained their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts."

COPELAND—" The goddess with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, lest she grants his prayer."

STECUT—" Great in his triumphs,
In retirement great."

MILFORD—" Come, we'll e'er to our country-seat repair,
The native home of innocence and love."

CARLETON—" That man who hath a tongue is no man if with his tongue he he cannot win a woman."

◆

We Do.

How we hate the corporation :
Aim against it legislation :
Seek to rob it of its power !
Yet to be its sole attorney
Is ambitions greatest journey—
This we pray for every hour.

First Epistle to Bones, Molars and Briefs.

IN the beginning was created the University of Maryland, and the Legislature was the creator thereof, and when they saw the great Dome which contains the lecture halls, they said it was very good ; but still they rested not for many days, and they multiplied buildings and halls, laid gardens, and planted groves ; and great changes were seen on the corner of Green and Lombard streets in those days.

Then the Legislature said unto the University of Maryland : " Be fruitful and multiply " ; and, behold ! she brought forth three sons, which became the fathers of great nations, and the names of these sons are Medicine, Dentistry and Law. And these are the tribes of the University unto this day, and their members are as the sands of the seashores.

Now, the records of the tribe of Medicine, are they not written in letters of black on the anatomy of the children of men ? And are not the doings of the sons of Law to be seen in the suffering of the people, who have been despoiled while pursuing the phantom, Justice ?

But the sayings of this work are of the tribe of Dentistry. In the year one, in the second month and the middle of the month, was born a man in the tribe of Dentistry, and his name was called Ferdinand, whose surname was Gorgas ; and another son was born whose name was called James, whose surname was Harris ; and they became mighty men, and their fame went abroad through all the world, and the gods were with them, and they gave laws unto the tribe of Dentistry of the University of Maryland, and the tribe waxed strong and multiplied, and many valiant men appeared who were princes in the tribe ; and the names of these were Isaac Davis, John Uhler, Clarence Grieves, John Geiser and many others, and their voices were heard in the council of the tribes. But one day in the cool of the morning, as the leaders of the tribe were walking in the gardens, the serpent appeared unto them and tempted them, saying :

" Behold ! there are millions of money in it," and they did yield at once and began to seek out ways to obtain this treasure, and this was the beginning of woe for the children of the tribe of Dentistry. And the gods left them alone, and the serpent tempted them again, and they reasoned among themselves, saying :

" Thus shall we '*do*' the young men of the tribe : Upon every son that is brought into the tribe there shall be fixed a tax of One Hundred and Five pieces of silver, and no money shall be spent upon improvements in the

Temple. They shall run the lathe and engine by the sweat of their feet, for no motor power shall be given them, neither will any free material be given them for patients ; but they shall be as the children of Israel in Egypt, who made bricks without straw, and no one shall escape until he has served three years' confinement and paid over Thirty golden coins, and no more banquets given." And the tribe did groan under the oppression of the rulers. Now it came to pass in those days that the rulers of the tribe did join themselves with the leaders of strange tribes of Dentistry, which are in all parts of the world, and they did make war against all the young men of the tribes of Dentistry, and did prevail against them, and they forgot the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy brother as thyself," and when they saw that the young men could not stand against them, they put upon them many grievous laws, for they were given over to the Evil One, devising plans by which they might keep possession of all the fertile fields of the earth that they might obtain the riches thereof, and the young men were greatly cast down and prayed that a deliverer might come. And their prayers were answered, for, behold ! there appeared in the land of New York a man, a prophet, and he did prophesy, saying : " Thus sayeth the gods of Dentistry—Behold ! we have seen the oppression of our people by their enemies, but the days of their captivity are almost at an end, for we will deliver them from the hands of their oppressors and all their enemies shall be laid low, and their names and deeds shall be known among all nations as Drones, and the mark of Cain shall be in their foreheads ; for did they not slay their brethren ? Then our young men shall go up and possess their lands and shall have part in the profits thereof."

And great was the rejoicing among the young men when they heard the words of the Prophet Otellenque, for according to his words the day of deliverance is at hand. May it come quickly ! *Amen.*

◆

Bicuspids.

Student (who has just taken his fourth exam in physiology)—That second question was a hard one.

" What was it ? "

" He asked how air got to the alveoli of the teeth."

◆

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Louis McK. Kines.

Graduation.

When melts the daytime into night,
  The clouds that cross the azure close,
  Glow with caressing tints of rose,
And purple in the dying light.
So when a little space is past,
  The unknown future, closed to view,
  By hopes, that lure with roseate hue,
And purple splendor, grand and vast,
In the soft light of memory's glow,
  Moves on. We know not what may come
  Behind those clouds, or what the sum
Of things to be, but this we know:
To let the air around us ring,
  Fill up the glass, as all about
  Join in one glad, tumultuous shout:
"The King is dead, long live the King!"

POETA.



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Captain of Track Team.
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Chief of "M" Tribe.

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Member of Executive Committee.

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Editor and Business Manager of Year Book, "Charliewilson."

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M. of B. B. of "M."

Clark, Garnett Y. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
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Kappa Sigma.
Novice of "M."

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Clift, William C. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Sergeant-at-Arms.
W. S. of "M."

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Korb, Gustave A. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

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Miller, Arthur H. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

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Morfit, Mason P. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

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Naas, John J. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Nice, Harry W. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
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Member of Executive Committee.
Novice of "M."

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Parker, Walter W. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Parks, Isaac T., Jr. . . . . Oriole, Md.
Ph. B., Dickinson, '97.

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Class Secretary.
Law Member Finance Committee of A. A. M. to G. of "M."
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Sappington, Edward H. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Kappa Sigma.

Selden, Charles, Jr. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
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Slingluff, R. Lee . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

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Stanley, Edward S. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
A. B., Johns Hopkins, '98.

Thomas, Tazwell T. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Ulman, Jesse G. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Upshur, Franklin . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
A. B., Princeton, '97.

Warfield, F. Howard . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
A. B., Johns Hopkins, '96.

Watts, Sewell S. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Member of Executive Committee.

Wheatley, William A. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Widner, Frank M., Jr. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Kappa Sigma.
Track Team.

Willms, J. Harry . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Kappa Sigma.
Class Treasurer.

History—Class of '99.



RETROSPECTIVELY glancing over the career of the Class of '99, the historian is struck with the fact that nearly all the events which have happened during the past three years have been particularly pleasant. As we pass out from the halls that have been our training school, though forebodings of future failure may haunt us, yet our comforting assurance is, that our course has been spent profitably, not only in the gain of knowledge—our weapon in the battle with the world—but in making friendships that will be firm through life, and the associations connected with our university life will be pleasing subjects for thought over the evening pipe in years to come.

Shortly subsequent to our first entry into the lecture hall in 1896, after we had gradually become accustomed, between naps, to the habit of examining the lofty roof and rafters of the machine which has made so many eminent lawyers, ward politicians and City Councilmen, we took a look around us. The result of our inspection was very gratifying, for we discovered that we were a very fine lot of fellows, from our own point of view. In this we were not mistaken, for we have the decision of the eminent manager of the Moot Court as authority. This adjudication, rendered in a somewhat informal way—nay, it has even been asserted to be an *obiter dictum*—was in this wise : A fair sample of us had been in the "office" paying sundry small installments of tuition, a proceeding for which the annals of the 'Varsity furnished no precedent. On this occasion Chancellor Kent said, with some emphasis, that we were "somewhat of a nuisance, but you will all make good lawyers." It is not to be doubted that to the Kentorian mind we were a nuisance because the payment by installments occupied more of the Chancellor's time than a payment in full would have done ; he was thereby deprived to some extent of his usual afternoon avocation of riding in the elevator. There appears to be some conflict of opinion between Mr. Kent's application of the term "nuisance," and the definition laid down in text-books and decisions of the courts.

During the winter of '96, some of us acquired the habit of attending the meetings of the "Senate." This continued for some weeks, till it occurred to

some one to ask what was the object of the said "Senate." A learned senior informed us that the objects of the "Senate" generally converged in a banquet during the winter, and that then the august assemblage went to sleep till winter came again. We all thought the purpose a good one, and though no dues were required, we contributed a certain amount *per capita*, and had a banquet. There was the usual annual contention as to whether the banquet was to be a wet or dry one. We cast our votes for the "wet" faction, and we (editorially) were on the more numerous side. Everyone in the University went to the banquet "to hear the speeches," which were to be so good, especially the Major's jokes; enthusiasm ran wild, and presentations were in order. One gentleman received a plate of butter, while our representative, Mr. Maloy, received the silverware — the plates having previously been exhausted.

Since the advent of '99 the "Senate" has lost its mild and peaceful character, and has been practicing debate; our sympathies are for the wine-merchant. According to one Binswanger, it is now composed of "anarchists, muckers, mugwumps and politicians, prominent among whom is one Nice, who continually persists in taxing the patience of his auditors by his three-year-old-16-to-1-tin-tariff speech, supposedly written by a single-tax advocate known by the name of Pat when he was suffering from one of his fits of the D. T.'s."

After the Senate refused to have banquets, '99 organized Kappa Sigma, which has continued the good work, and now all the events worthy of record are duly made important by this body.

As Juniors, on some afternoons before the lecturer was due, for a diversion, we inaugurated "poker" and other innocent (?) games in the library. These games were conducted on the Chicago plan, "*a la* Harrison Carter's administration." No complaints were filed on this account, till Professor ————, noticing the game, was asked to join us. He declined, and as the librarian became apprehensive of the perversion of his morals, the Faculty regretfully prohibited the continuation of the games, and we were forced to seek the seclusion of a small 4x4 room situated above the library.

Some seniors were holding an executive meeting in this room one afternoon. We resented this unwarranted assumption of privilege acquired by our prescriptive user. Led by the valiant full-back Lutz, we crept in Indian file slowly and silently up the stairway and barricaded the door with the janitor's furniture. There the seniors did penance till 9 P. M., when the janitor, about to retire for the night, missed his furniture, and on his hunt for it, tumbled, not only over his bed and washstand, but to the joke. A fruitless investigation

followed, and Runges (the janitor) was rather sour on us up to the following Thanksgiving football game. We went to the game loaded both in and out, and Runges came back the same way, except that *his* load was on the inside. The " smiles of the cratur " which he received from our liberal flasks on that occasion restored his good will, and his friendship is ours.

We occasionally listened to an intermediate lecture, and the freedom with which Johnny Peepoe illustrated legal principles with jokes and funny stories was a very pleasant diversion for us ; but when we had attained the lofty dignity of intermediates, it was noticeable that this freedom was replaced with caution, and it was very amusing to see our favorite lecturer glance warily over the class to ascertain whether Net was absent or asleep before the tale was told. Naturally a *prima facie* presumption arises that said illustrations are not intended for the ears of mamma. Though these depictions may have been drawn for our predecessors since time immemorial, yet they are new and rich to each succeeding class, and help to endear to us the man who for so many years has been the sinew and chief pillar of our Law School. These stories give him a prior lien upon our hearts, they bind and strengthen the veneration and respect which are his, and which all of us have for him. It is our hope and prayer that his years of efficiency may long continue, and that his brilliant mind may shed its rays of learning upon all who follow in the paths which we have so recently trodden.

At first, we were much annoyed by Mr. Brantly's continuous " Ah's " and " Oh's," but when a gentleman attempted to illustrate a proposition of the law of contracts by a citation from 88 Utah, which will not be published for several decades, this learned professor informed us that we would find the principle illustrated in 55 New York. He knows that in Maine the law is one way, and in California the contrary rule is stated ; that in Oklahoma a distinction is taken, but in Maryland the point has never been raised. These are things which counterbalance and override all prejudices.

When Mr. Baer took us in hand we were all Wellingtons who had passed our Waterloo. We had climbed " the rugged mountains of Elementary Law, traveled the desolate paths of Domestic Relations, strewn with the dead bodies of matrimonial misaffections, and though some had fallen in the deep ravine of Personal Property, yet it is to be hoped that none will stumble in the fertile fields of Real Estate." His little joke and constructive damnation of the 6.30 whistle of a neighboring factory gave us as severe a shock as when the barrel of gasoline exploded in that same factory not many moons ago.

When as Intermediates Mr. Gans boldly stated that the only way to defeat the law was to have an accurate knowledge of its principles ; and easily

showed us how to break a bank without making ourselves criminally liable for either burglary, larceny or embezzlement, we thought ourselves on the road to success. Mr. Baer explained the law of titles, and we saw some with clouds on them, due, no doubt, to the cigars and pipes of Baer *et al.* during late quizzes.

Whether the unfolded kerchief of Judge R——contains a lock from the curls of some long-lost love, or whether it is perfumed with the "attar of roses," is a mystery which time alone can solve.

Probably the most remarkable event (or series of events, to be more accurate) was the arrival of Judge D—— before 5.20 P. M.; the great satisfaction manifested by him when he found the door barricaded so that he could not get into the lecture hall is not to be forgotten. On this occasion, when he finally appeared upon the rostrum at 5.30, he bowed his thanks profusely, and after reading again for the 'steenth time the syllabus to Regents, etc., informed us that he was not well, and departed at 5.40. However, he examined us only on what was lectured upon, and we were enabled to confine our knowledge of Corporations to the space of a few pages, and therefore have no kick coming.

When we became Seniors we found that "Editorial" Hall generally issues an afternoon edition of the "Sun," and we received the benefit of his opinion upon political questions. He is ably seconded by the Major, who says that Cooley cannot write Constitutional Law, but gives his own reasons for the Civil War and the defeat of the Confederacy.

We learned so much Equity from Judge P——'s first lecture that we found it unnecessary to attend any of the others, unless we had a case to cite. The Judge is a great observer of rules, and especially of the rule that no student shall anticipate; but he had to give in when the great law-breaker arose to cite the famous Maryland Poker case. It was then that the hall rang with the loud cheers of the class, for they knew that "Shorty's" thoughts were running in their usual channel.

In our second year we became afflicted with "Tommy," who insisted upon having our unwilling criticism of his copy for *Baltimore Life*. We would not offend him for the world, and we patiently sat on Friday afternoons while he read his compositions. We have become acclimated now, and never take an umbrella on Friday because "Tommy's" jokes will keep all rain away.

Broncho Bill has ably succeeded our old friend, the photographer, but in his efforts to see the class nicely arranged he has lost the photographer's best quality, to wit: an amiable temper. He should remember, with our classman Morfit, that

"He who fights, and runs away,
Remains to fight another day."

We had many difficulties in electing our officers, especially our president. The worst difficulty was that we needed thirty-three votes and there were only thirteen offices. Those who opposed Jimmie H. lost sight of the value of secrecy, and if the two men who were to have the same office had not compared notes the result might have been different. If Baker had not remained to the last and run as a dark horse, then, again, the result might have been different. But what is the use of "ifs." Let Watts remember that all of us are his friends and always expect to be; that if he ever runs for a public office, our votes will be his, unless he runs on the Prohibition ticket. It is all over now; there was never any real enmity, and our friendship is now stronger and closer than ever it was before. If Watts and Baker had never started in the race, we would never have known their value. They and Brewer shook hands after the result was declared, and that bond will be sealed on the evening of commencement, when the glasses will ring to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."



Love's Law.



Prophecy—Class of '99.

"I swear 't is better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little."

—*Othello, Act III, Scene 3.*

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

—*Hamlet Act IV., Scene 5.*

I'T was one of those warm and sultry days in July, when the diabolical orb was smiling her golden radiance upon my barren cranium, which was completely at the mercy of my powerful adversary ; except a diminutive oasis in the centre, which served as an ambush for sharpshooters and a source of a mighty lake, from which flowed huge drops of perspiration in great abundance, which seemed to be chasing one another down my emaciated form in their efforts to make a touchdown ; as the gentle zephyrs from the shores of the Pasig fanned me with their suffocating breath, which felt as if they had just been released from the bondage of Lucifer, while the ethereal mosquitoes bombarded all parts of my anatomy and made advantageous inroads into the interior of my human structure, and peppered me with snap-shots and other miscellaneous assortment of missiles, which made me feel as if I had been mistaken for Morro Castle, while the various varieties of insects about my window, too numerous to mention, rapped for admission within and sang a warning serenade to keep warm and make me feel as uncomfort-

able as possible—that I was suddenly aroused from my soliloquy by a tap on my door, which I usually kept bolted on account of my ubiquitous creditors, who I have found at times to be rather intrusive, and not to say exceedingly inconvenient.

"Who's there?" I shouted, with some vehemence, hoping that the tenor of my voice would cause the visitor to beat a hasty retreat.

"Dinarco," responded a weak voice.

Whereupon I unbolted the door, and immediately my faithful unbleached domestic valet, with a chocolate complexion, improved by a sun-burnt countenance, ornamented with an exceedingly heavy crop of wool, which protected a pair of greenish eyes, which seemed as if they had been twisted into such a position that they could see almost anything except the proper object that they desired to see, entered, attired in an abbreviated costume which needed a bath, carrying a soup-plate used for sundry purposes as occasions required, upon which rested an envelope, bearing many postmarks, addressed to George Francis Donnelly, Editor of the *Caveat Emptor*, Umptysville, State of Luzon, Philippine Branch of the Pacific Division of the United States of the Universe. At first observation I thought it was a bill, but upon closer investigation I discovered, to my great joy, that it was a letter, whereupon my heart, which had bounded up in my mouth, crawled back again and resumed its natural position as I read:

FLOATING DEBT, $500,000,000.00.

"THE LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

Mayor's Office of the City of Baltimore,

STATE OF MARYLAND,

ATLANTIC DIVISION OF THE U. S. OF THE UNIVERSE.

FRANK F. LUTHARDT, Boss, THOS. S. RICE, Devil's Deputy.
AUG. C. BINSWANGER, Solicitor of Spoils. E. O. GRIMES, Jr., Keeper of His Honor's Conscience,
JAMES R. BREWER, Jr., Mayor.

My Dear George:

It affords me pleasure to extend to you an invitation to attend the reunion of the Class of '99 of the University of Maryland, Law School, at the Rathskellar, in the City of Baltimore, on August 1. You are requested to bring plenty of money, for your presence is desired to treat. If you haven't any money, why, you needn't come around.

Lovingly yours,

JAMES R BREWER, JR., *President.*

Ambulances at 4. A. M.

As I glanced at the above letter, I was exceedingly gratified to learn of the many honored positions so many of the class held, but I had been previously informed by Charley Hook, who came out here immediately after the Mayoralty contest, of the high honor Brewer had thrust upon him. He told me that when Jimmy ran for office, he dropped all national issues, and his platform was simply "No Taxation and Free Beer," and everybody hailed him as the "man of the people" and he was elected, with the assistance of Luthardt, who had previously inspected all the tombstones in the vicinity, and registered the names of the inhabitants of the adjacent graveyards, who all voted the straight ticket, and as a result Brewer ascended the high chair without much opposition, under the protection of Luthardt. Hook had also been a lucky individual. He came out here to survey the Ocean Boulevard, but he soon found he could make a better success in life by working his famous shell game and holding good poker hands, until he finally bankrupted nearly all the unsophisticated Filipinos. So having nobody else to do, and plenty of time and money on hand, his mind took a romantic turn, and he eloped with Princess Aguinaldo in order to succeed her father as king of the Fee Jee cannibals and to spend his leisure moments, but not his money, in missionary work in order to improve the condition of the natives and to abolish slot machines.

After some hesitation, owing to the lack of funds, I finally decided to accept the kind invitation I had just received from "the boys." So after several days spent in preparing my baggage, which consisted mainly of trunks filled with bricks, bottles (extra dry), bill files and tooth picks, in order to give more weight to my arrival and at the same time a better standing with the hotel proprietors as to my credit on account of my heavy equipage. I boarded one fine morning the air-ship "Swift Wings" of the American Air-ship Propeller Transportation Company, of which Dorsey occupies the exalted position of president. After ten days spent in traveling through the air, during which time we touched Mars, where I was introduced to Clayton, who had just been appointed Counsellor to the High Mogul of that fiery planet, and Fritchett, who had established a select female dancing academy in that region, I arrived at the Grand Consolidated Depot, on the thirtieth floor of the Warfield Building, in the City of Baltimore. I was met at the station by the Municipal Guide, who, besides holding the lucrative position of showing visitors the human curiosities, also held the congenial office of Promoter of Marriages, Cupid Kines.

"Hello, Kines!" said I, waving my hand to one that I took for him on account of his impressive physique.

" How are you, George ? " echoed Kines, coming up and shaking my hand. " I have been waiting for you for some time."

" How is everybody ? " I asked.

" Come with me and I'll tell you," said Cupid, as we shot down the elevator from the roof to the ground floor with such rapidity that I was considerably winded at the finish. In the lobby of this mammoth structure the first man to whom I was introduced was Levy, the celebrated manufacturer of air-tight coffins, which he always guaranteed to every purchaser that if he used one he would never use any other, and of which it was a well-known fact that during his long and successful business career he had never received a single complaint.

" Who is that distinguished gentleman over there ? " I said, pointing in the direction of an individual with long curly locks, which gave him the appearance of a " statesman out of a job."

" Why ! " ejaculated Cupid, in amazement, as his face beamed up like Sapolio, " that is my esteemed friend Littig, the champion of " Free Silver " and the " boy orator of the Patapsco," who has been crying 16 to 1 so long that a delegation from the trust companies were seriously considering the advisability of introducing an ordinance to amputate his voice."

I next met Noel, who informed me he had just risen from the bar to the bench. I was just about to congratulate him, when Cupid spoiled everything by saying: " He means the shoemaker's bench."

" Never mind ! " retorted Noel, as his wrath began to grow into a furious windstorm, when he thought of an account Cupid had never settled with him. " You can't even say you own your own ' sole.' "

" I love the truth," said Cupid.

" Yes," replied the " repairer of soles," " I suppose that is the very reason you walk on the other side when you pass my shop to keep a respectable distance from it."

Poor Cupid could stand this tirade of abuse no longer, so taking me by the arm he escorted me out of the building.

We walked down Baltimore street, where my eyes soon beheld the colossal fireproof fiftieth-story Babel Building of the Amalgamated Consolidated United Trust Company of the Globe, of which Watts, the well-known financier, the able successor of J. Pierpont Morgan, holds the position of president, while Hann, the eloquent barrister, draws an annual salary as its attorney, and Willie Linthicum plays the part of office boy. As we proceeded farther down the street, I observed the sign of Korb, Pawn-broker.

" Now, there is a progressive merchant," said Cupid.

"Yes, I suppose he is always making advances," I replied, as *Marriott,* carrying a rather large bundle, entered the side door in great haste ; "but," I continued, "I have no use for such men because they always prefer dealing with people who have no redeeming qualities."

We then turned up Charles street, where we stopped at the Literary Club, where I met my esteemed friend Deming, the bard of Jones' Falls, whose name he has immortalized by his famous book of poems, entitled the *Sad Reflections of Spring*, and Murphy, the protege of Ruskin, who has achieved world-renown fame as an artist since his famous picture, *The Arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland*, captured first prize at the recent art exhibition at Tammany Hall, and in appreciation of his wonderful genius and talent he has been repeatedly waited upon by his Celtic admirers and offered the profitable and remunerative position as custodian of the peace in the Tenderloin District in New York, which he has declined many times with tears in his eyes, as unworthy of such honors.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Sappington, who is somewhat of a killer among his "ladyfrens" around Eutaw place, and Fountain, the Adonis of the class who seems always to be the centre of attraction to all the counter-attractions (salesladies) of Lexington street, who smile at him whenever he passes by, and actually declare that he has a hypnotic charm that they cannot resist, while the vast army of female shoppers which throng this favorite thoroughfare daily bow to him from all sides, until he is now compelled to carry his hat in his hands to avoid wearing out the brim. This favorite of Venus has just been offered a tempting position by Rosenbush, the Great Price Shaver of the Female Grabbers, to pose as an ornament in his attractive windows to draw trade, which he has under consideration at the present time.

From the Literary Club we went to Morfit's famous copper museum, where we found Ulman in all his splendor charming snakes ; Seth Linthicum, the bearded lady, was selling her famous hair restorer and casting side glances at "Baldy" Sherbert, the glass-eater, who was consuming bottles and glassware of all kinds to an alarming extent in order to improve his voice, while Parks, the wild man of the desert, smoked his "hod" and winked at the girls and made himself as happy as possible among such disagreeable surroundings. After bidding our worthy friends good-bye, we took an automobile and in a short time we arrived at the ancient walls of our *Alma Mater*, which was the same old school it had been many years ago. The desks and chairs were of the same antiquated pattern ; the windows just as opaque as ever, while the paint, which had disappeared many years before we made our exit,

was still missing, which made us feel all the more at home. But there was one that was missing, the shining star which had guided in all his fulgency so many juvenile minds through the labyrinth of hazy, intricate legal conundrums—some who have since ascended the high altar of fame as luminaries in their chosen profession—had faded away. The genial one, whose paternal smiles always radiated his angelic countenance, whose glad hand was always ready to welcome you and whose eloquence rivaled that of Demosthenes himself as it gushed forth from the pure, refreshing fountain of anecdotes, was now silent; his lips were sealed. But like all celebrities, his name will never be forgotten as long as his brief and succinct syllabus on *Practice and Pleading* passes from hand to hand, his name will be cherished and remembered. Our beloved preceptor, Professor Poe, I had just been informed, had departed from this world of vice and iniquity many years ago to become a seraph in the Celestial Kingdom, far away, where not many of his students, according to Major Venable's pophecy, will ever go. In his place as Dean of the University was Professor Tazewell Thomas, A. B., A. M., LL. B., LL. M., LL. D., Ph. D., *ad infinitum*, who greeted me with his usual benevolent smile and introduced me to Stanley, the worthy successor of the late lamented Professor Hall, who had also given up the ghost. Stanley was following the footsteps of his worthy predecessors and making so much noise with his vociferous, somniferous voice, as it echoed and re-echoed through the classic rooms of this venerable seat of learning and industry, that it sounded like the distant peal of thunder, in his efforts to awaken the students from their weekly slumber, as their soporific voices rang out in unison, "*Deo Gratias*," as Stanley made his departing bow for the day, and Nass, the boy politician of Back River, who had the distinction of being the successor of Runge, came in to light the gas. Clark, the "massive avoirdupois" of his class, the assiduous student of many years, was secretary of the Faculty, but owing to his multifarious duties of teaching Sunday school and reading the Bible, he had appointed Dankmeyer to do his work and succeeed Chancellor Kent as acting secretary. I was very glad to hear that Dankmeyer could give me so much information as to the whereabouts of so many of the wild Indians. To my surprise, he told me that Baker, the eloquent statesman, was now one of the most conspicuous figures in the United States Senate, where his speeches were always sure to draw a large crowd, and that it was through his personal influence that Upshur, the diplomatist, was appointed as Minister Plenipotentiary to Madagascar, which has since been annexed to our vast domains in order to exterminate the natives and to establish the spoils system. Wheatley had removed to New

York many years ago, and was now president of the Oyster Trust, while his facsimile Ford had been intrusted with the lives of the good people of Ferry Bar, as policeman, to protect them from the savage incursions of the barbarous pirates who now swarmed the blue waters of the once peaceful Chesapeake. Pearre, the silent man of Western Maryland, had just been elected to Congress, where he expects to make a fortune off of his conscience in a few years, while the erudite Maddox, from the wide-awake City of Annapolis, where the people never sleep, held the high office of Mayor of that sacred city. Turlington, I was also informed, was making quite a mark for himself down in the Old Dominion with a paint brush, while Fairbank was rapidly accumulating wealth as keeper of a toll gate on the Liberty road. Diven was achieving fame dealing out justice "*ad valorem*" under the historic shades of the famous Court House at Towson. Selden, the omnipresent man of his class, had just received the appointment as matron in the Lying-In Hospital for Orphans, Rowland Slingluff sold red lemonade at the baseball grounds, Hemmg was now following the sea, since his mother-in-law began to follow him, while Nice employed his time amusing the twins, washing the dishes and cooking the meals, while his wife made political speeches and the living. But the man who is the pride of his class, I was told by Anstine, the dramatic critic, is Signor Bascom Jackson, the famous basso, who compelled Edouard de Reszke, Plançon and many other so-called warblers, to abandon the footlights in shame when he gave his remarkable chest notes.

They say that he is exceedingly strong as Siegfried, and if Wagner himself could only catch his famous note he would turn over in his grave. He is the lion of the matinee girls, who actually adore him as the humming bird of the universe, and who are continually showering upon him flowers, candies and other similar weapons. But, like all great stars, many of the minor lights are very jealous of him, and he has been falsely and maliciously accused by these envious persons of decorating his checks with terra cotta paint, using a curling iron, and chewing gum to sweeten his voice, which he has repeatedly denied under oath as beneath his dignity.

I was next escorted to the Criminal Court, where the celebrated case of *The State versus Clift* was being tried. The facts of the case were about as these: That a certain Rev. J. Henry Willms, who was conducting a crusade against saloons, was passing Clift's Hotel one Sunday evening after he had just quenched his spiritual thirst with prayer, when he heard two voices within shout out, "Gesundheit." The name being familiar to his ears, he immediately determined to enter and ascertain who the violators of the law could

be. As he entered, he found to his surprise two members of his congregation, Rosendale and Milleson, standing up consuming the contents of what he supposed was unadulterated beer, but as the reverend gentleman testified under oath that he did not know exactly the color or smell of beer he could not exactly say that it was such. But he had taken the glasses and had the contents analyzed by Widner, the well-known chemist, who had decided, after much deliberation and consultation, that it was undoutedly " fermented liquor." Clift, as proprietor, testified that his hotel was conducted on strictly European plan ; in other words, you pay for what you get, and for that reason the said Rev. Willms very much objected. He was trying to advocate for free lunches, and because he would not contribute towards the Strawberry Festival, where they sold claret and hard cider instead of berries, the said minister had been persecuting him ever since. Moreover, he always paid his license at the proper time, supported Miller and Hotchkiss (the policemen on his beat), and gave the honorable Police Commissioners Cockey and Darnall a certain sum annually to be devoted towards the " Fresh Air Fund for Dyspeptics." Rosendale then took the stand and admitted being in the café at the time, but said he only went in there to get a glass of lithia water and was drinking it at the time when he was confronted by that " thing " (pointing to the sanctimonious Willms.) Lee Slingluff, who was conducting the case for the State, as State's Attorney, assisted by Parker, objected to the reverend gentleman being called such a disrespectful name : so after twenty minutes consumed in explaining the derivation of the word, the Court, Judge Donaldson presiding, decided to overrule such language. The next witness for the State was Jones, with his famous revolving shirt front, ornamented with a pink collar and a green necktie. In answer to the question, what he did for a living, he said " he ate." Being no objection to that, he continued that he had been a constant attendant at Rev. Willms church for some time, and had assisted in the shouting, had always found the learned gentleman to be a man of strict integrity and, although he had been severely criticised for his zeal in abolishing the " curse of man " by some who were jealous of his high standing in the community, still, he continued, he had known this divine to kneel on tacks all night praying for their conversion. Here he was interrupted by Conrad and Willie Jackson, representing the defendant, who inquired of him whether he thought the said reverend preacher was sane ? Upon receiving an affirmative reply, the witness was allowed to go. Armstrong next took the stand, with his red vest adorned with polished shoe buttons, and his congenial smile, which burst forth from under his sandy mustache, giving him the appearance of the rising sun,

whereupon several cocks outside the Court House began to crow. Captain Bill, as he is affectionately called by the followers of the track, testified that he was the author of the well-known treatise, *The Art of Consumption; or, The Science of Mixing Drinks,* which has been translated into twenty foreign tongues, and that he had received the Order of the Iron Medal from the Kaiser ; the King of Siam had sent him his respects ; while the Emperor of China was about to bestow on him the Grand Ax. He said he was an authority on such matters, and his testimony considerably dampened the ardor of the Rev. Dr. Willms. Captain Maloy, of the Anti-Cigarette Brigade of Highlandtown, was next called. He appeared in fatigue uniform, the regulation dress of the regiment. The position the Captain assumed reminded one of parenthetical marks.

" Stand straight ! " growled His Honor.

" I can't," replied the witness, " I'm crooked."

" Yes," retorted the Judge, " and the Court has always taken judicial notice of that fact."

He said in answer to a question put to him by Conrad that he had given up Coke and Blackstone to become a disciple of Ballington Booth and to abolish the intemperate habit of smoking cigarettes ; that he was thoroughly in accord with the spirit of Brother Willms, and that he considered it the duty of every good citizen to support our Christian advocate in this worthy cause.

" Do you think he is sincere ? " inquired Jackson.

" Sincere ! " shouted the Captain, as his epaulets began to waltz on his tailor-made shoulders. " My dear friend, I remember that on one occasion this valiant defender of water refused to have his picture taken unless it was taken in water-colors."

" Do you drink ? " asked Conrad, pointing to the Captain.

At this question the Captain was seen to foam at the mouth and take a headlong plunge into the arms of Ellinger, the bailiff.

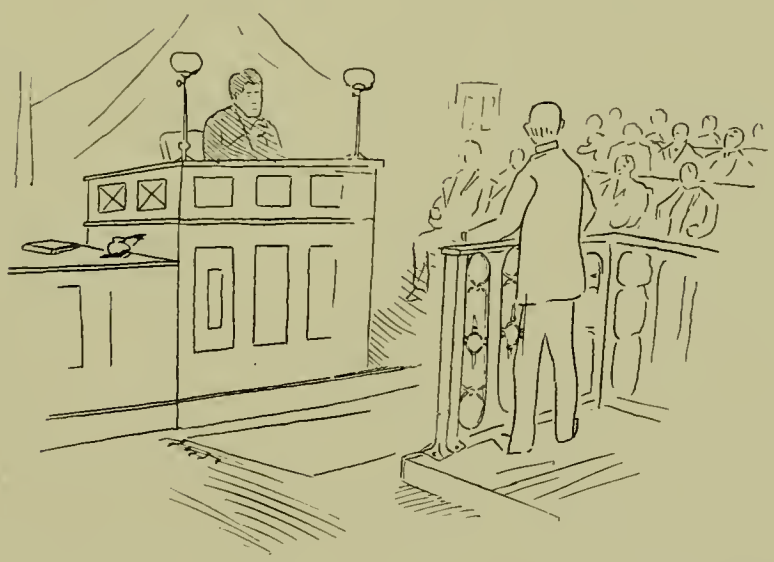
" Water ! " shouted Dr. Willms, while a look of despair rested on the Captain's countenance.

" Brandy ! " yelled Captain Bill, as Maloy at these words began to revive.

" Let the witness take his seat ! " yelled His Honor, " for, Mr. Conrad, you have pumped him dry."

Luthardt was then called. In answer to a question put to him, he said " that he occupied the important position of Boss of this city, and he would have no such high-handed proceedings in this fair city in a Court presided over by such an honorable and efficient man. (Great applause from the

dock.) That he was sure Mr. Clift was not a culprit because he did not associate with him, but as long as he was on such intimate terms with the Judge and had cast with his own hands a sufficient number of votes to elect him, it was not what was evidence in the above case, but simply friendship, and that if the man was not discharged that he (pointing to His Honor), Judge Donaldson, would lose his job. The Judge was seen to tremble considerably as he instructed the twelve learned jurors to bring in a verdict of not guilty, which they accordingly did. The Court adjourned, and all proceeded to the reunion, but at this juncture I awoke from my afternoon nap, as the Professor was making his next assignment, and looking around I found that the disease was somewhat contagious, as I had been sitting next to Rush.





CLASS OF 1900.

Class of 1900.

Austin, A.
Bealmear, C. S.
Bacon, J. D.
Behn, C. H.
Bosley, W. H., Jr.
Budnitz, J.
Bunting, J. G.
Carnan, C. W.
Cecil, O. S.
Chambers, J. E.
Cronmiller, J. D.
Cross, J. E.
Donaldson, J. H.
Downin, J. E.
Douglass, S. R.
Eccleston, N. E.
Eisenbrandt, E. B.
Falcke, J. B.
Ferguson, C. A.
Finch, G. A.
Gordan, A., Jr.
Gourley, H. O.
Hammond, W. B.
Harrison, W. G.
Hays, T. A., Jr.
Herman, J. G.
Hubner, W. R.
Keck, G.
Kenney, M. G.
Klemm, F. L.
Knipp, G. W.
Littig, W. P.
McCloskey, L. M.
McEvoy, J., Jr.
McFaul, W. N.
McGrath, J. J.
McIntosh, D. G., Jr.
McPhail, C. E.
Miller, C. W.
Miller, J. G.
Millikin, C. H.
Mills, J. B.
Norris, H. C.
O'Dernne, E.
Prather, W. F., Jr.
Pogorelskin, A.
Rainey, T. F.
Robinson, E. A., Jr.
Rush, M. B.
Selden, C., Jr.
Seidman, A.
Schaub, F. J.
Singley, F. J.
Stevenson, W. H.
Stonebraker, L.
Stringer, E. R.
Smith, R. M.
Smith, W. C.
Smoot, T. J. J.
Supplee, J. F., Jr.
Titsworth, L. R.
Tolson, J. C.
Turlington, S. J.
Whettle, J. B. A.
Williams, R. H.
Zimmerman, L. S.

History—Class of 1900.

IN writing a history of any people it is always advisable to state first who they are, what they are, and then chronicle the great events which act as milestones on their journey through life.

Now, in stating who we are, it will depend very much on the vantage ground from which we are viewed. We say we are the people ; the Faculty seem to think we are a "good thing," and the police have come to the conclusion that we are a nuisance. Ye Gods ! what a reputation is ours ! (in the police courts.)

As to what we are is a conundrum just at present. Sufficeth to say that we are a conglomerate anomaly of human particles. A haughty senior once said we were "half fish (sucker) and half fowl (crow)." Of course, this is base calumny and worthy of the stiff-necked generation of seniors, but the truth of the matter is, we are composed of equal parts of ambitious juniors and disappointed seniors.

Some may look upon our position with ridicule, but we claim to be the happy medium.

Now as to the great events which have marked our progress thus far through these halls of learning. The first thing we attempted to do was to get together, like all well-regulated classes, and elect class officers; but as our number is nearly four-score, and every mother's son refused to be satisfied with anything less than the presidency, the attempt proved futile and died aborning.

If there is one thing more than another we look back to with pride, it is the studious appearance and air of learning we give the library. Ah ! how we use the musty volumes with an air of familiarity and *bonhomie* that makes the layman or aspiring junior green with envy. Again, what satisfaction we have derived from going into the senior lecture about ten or fifteen minutes before its close and, hovering around the door, comment on the class, collectively and individually, and by the help of those doors make the welkin ring.

When we reflect on the facility with which we can now cut lectures, gained only after long practice, and again call to mind the quiz-smokers our cup of pleasure runneth over.

In our first year's work we did our best to correct the mistakes Robinson made in his book on Elementary Law. Then we considered it our duty to pick out the flaws and glory over the mistakes made in the syllabus on Domestic Relations ; thus far we were successful, but woe is me ! for having come through the Scylla of the first term, we plunged into the Charybdis of the second term, and emerging therefrom, found, much to our consternation, that some of our number had stuck in the mud of Real Property, and a small host were lost in the devious ways of contracts.

At the beginning of this year we returned, all that was left of us, noble Nineteen Hundreds, and having come so far, we sympathized with the darky who liked to stump his toe because it felt so good when it stopped hurting.

We have so far gained a speaking acquaintance with Criminal and Testamentary Law. We laughed at all the jokes that accompany the instruction on Pleading, and now we only have Bills and Notes, Corporations, Mercantile Law and Titles to pass off before this term's work will be completed. Of course, we will lose some of our remaining men in the heat of the conflict, but we will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is quality and not quantity that counts in our profession.

ONLY AN INTERMEDIATE.

'TWIXT THE HEAVEN OF SENIORS AND THE HELL OF JUNIORS.





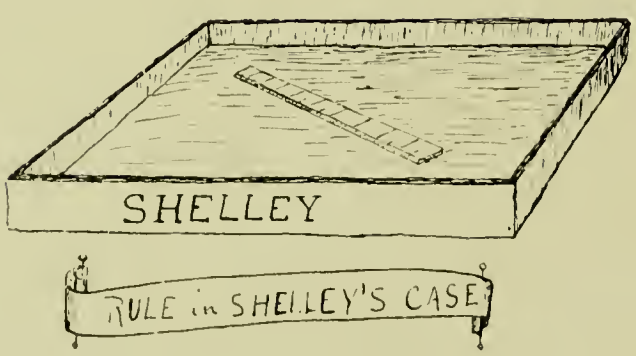
CLASS OF 1901.

Class of 1901.

Members.

Anderson, William.
Atkinson, Walter E.
Bacon, J. D.
Bahlke, G. W.
Bande, P. D.
Bealmear, C. S.
Blackiston, A. H.
Bosley, W. H., Jr.
Bowen, J. N., Jr.
Boyden, G. A.
Bransky, S. B.
Brent, D. K.
Brewer, J. R.
Brown, A. F., Jr.
Bunting, J. G.
Cecil, O. S.
Chambers, J. E.
Clawson, J. D.
Cleveland, C. P.
Conn, G. M.
Cross, J. E.
Denmead, G. W.
Douglas, S. R.
Downin, J. E.
Earle, J. T.
Eaton, C. J.
Eisenbrandt, E. B.
Ewell, L. P.
Farinholt, B. A.
Foreman, C. C.
Fricker, J. A.
Gipson, Robert.
Girdwood, A. C.
Glass, W. G. W.
Gordon, Alex., Jr.
Gurry, J. F.
Hall, Willoughby.
Hammond, W. B.
Harrison, W. G.
Hartman, A. F.
Haulenbeck, Elmer.
Hechheimer, H.
Heimiller, H. T. W.
Henninghausen, J. S.
Hodges, C. S.
Hogendorf, W. W.
Holzknecht, L. B.
Hubner, W. R.
Hull, C. J.
Irelan, E. C.
Jennings, Hugh.
John, W. B.
Jenkins, Louis L.
Johnson, W. B.
Judge, J. C.
Kailor, J. H.
Karns, W. A.
Keck, George.
Kelly, W. J.
Klecka, Joseph A.
Klipper, H. A.
Lamkin, Alva A.
Latane, J. A., Jr.
Lawrence, Otho.

Leyshorn, William.
Lewis, C. J.
Lloyd, G. C.
Marsh, G. K.
McAfee, J. H.
McAllister, H.
McConky, E. D.
McCosky, L. M.
McIntosh, D. G., Jr.
Mendels, Solomon.
Miller, J. G.
Millikin, C. H.
Mills, J. B.
Morris, J. G.
Motz, C. F.
Mylander, W. C.
Nicodemus, F. C., Jr.
Nyburg, S. L.
O'Dunne, E.
Ogier, J. M.
Oldershaw, J. B., Jr.
Pallord, H. D.
Pogorelskin, Alex.
Prather, W. Francis, Jr.
Ramsey, F. F.
Reese, M. F.
Regester, H. F.
Reinheimer, F. Victor
Rickey, H. W.
Roberts, L. E.
Robinson, E. A., Jr.
Savin, A. A.
Schapiro, Herman.
Schlipp, J. G.
Shelley, T. H.
Sherwood, W. E.
Smith, R. M.
Smith, W. C.
Smoot, T. J. J.
Stratzman, H. H.
Stevenson, M. H.
Stonebraker, Harry.
Supplee, J. F., Jr.
Sykes, Archibald.
Thrift, J. F.
Titsworth, L. R.
Tolson, J. C.
Turlington, S. J.
Van Lill, H. F.
Wattenscheidt, C. R.
Williams, R. H.
Williams, W. G.
Wolf, H. B.



History—Class of 1901.

ON the third day of October, Anno Domini Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight, a pious and timid-looking class of freshmen assembled in the lecture hall of the 'Varsity to commence equipping themselves for the great battle of life, or, in the words of a Highlandtown squire, "To become educated." Some came to stay three years ; some, four, and others (if God be with them) to leave in two. Some *have* done it ; others have not. We trust that few will imitate the latter.

All started out bravely ; many kept it up. One member, after recovering from an attack of "la grippe," sought the balmy breezes of a Southern clime. Singularly, this epidemic manifested its prevalence directly after the January examinations. (The class regrets this incident.)

As the days rolled by, the appearance of piety and fear that so markedly characterized the class on the day of matriculation, began to disappear, and members boldly and intrepidly started to agitate organization—a thing that junior classes for "time out of mind" have always attempted, but never accomplished. The Class of 1901, however, not to be disheartened by the story of its predecessors' failures, went to work in earnest, and after many adversities Mr. Harry Hechheimer (to whom you need no introduction) called a meeting to order as follows :

"I have the honor of calling to order the first meeting of the Class of 1901, and having counted those present I find there is no quorum, so will entertain a motion to proceed without a quorum."

Mr. Sykes—I move we proceed without a quorum.

Mr. Girdwood (jumping to his feet in the greatest excitement)—I move to a point of order. Such a ———

Mr. Hechheimer (interrupting)—Does the point of order find a second? (*No reply.*) Then it is rejected. Let us carry the previous question and proceed to elect a temporary chairman.

After the nominations of Messrs. Mills and Wolff were confirmed by the class and further nominations closed by motion, Mr. McAfee moved for a *viva voce* vote. Mr. Hechheimer appointed six tellers, two representing each faction, as an evidence of his impartiality. Mr. Wolff was elected by an

overwhelming majority, and was formally installed. The customary inaugural address was, however, waived by *unanimous* vote of the assemblage. The chair having declared nominations for president to be in order, Mr. Smoot rose to nominate Mr. W. C. Karns of California, and he did it in language befitting "a senior;" he held his audience for fully ten minutes (the door being locked and all means of escape cut off); he declared their platform to consist of one plank—a silver dollar banquet.

Mr. Allen G. Girdwood and Mr. F. Victor Reinheimer were next nominated, and nominations were closed.

Mr. Girdwood adopted a $10 platform, but Mr. Reinheimer offered to feed the class for eighty cents *per caput*, including wines and liquors.

It is needless to say that Mr. Reinheimer was supported by the masses, which tells the story in the fewest words, though five ballots were necessary before a majority of the class decided that "the cheapest is the best." The fifth ballot resulted in Reinheimer receiving 48 votes, Karns 23 and Girdwood 10.

We regret that this will go to print before the banquet becomes history. This extraordinarily precocious class "continues to wax strong in the eyes of the Lord," and judging the future by the past, it promises to far outshine any class that ever graduated from the University of Maryland (so far as its members that graduate are concerned).

HISTORIAN.





The Board of Editors—" By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote."

—*Emerson.*

The Faculty—" Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the LAW."

—*Milton : Tetrarchordon.*

The Law School Senate—" All our men were very, very merry,
For all our men were drinking."

" They mingled with the friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

—*Pope.*

The Graduates—" A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Perian spring ;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

—*Pope : Essay on Criticism.*

The Class—" The very pink of PERFECTION."

—*Goldsmith : She Stoops to Conquer.*

" The powers that be."

—*Romans, xiii, 1.*

INTERMEDIATES—" All hell broke loose."

—*Milton : Paradise Lost.*

JUNIORS—" I am, sir, an ORACLE,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

—*Shakespeare : Merchant of Venice.*

CHANCELLOR KENT—" And looks the whole world in the face,
For *he* OWES not any man."

—*Longfellow : The Village Blacksmith.*

THE JANITOR—" I am a MAN
More sinn'd against than sinning."

—*Shakespeare : King Lear.*

" Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

—*Byron : Childe Harold.*

ARMSTRONG—" The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth PATIENCE."

—*G. Herbert : The Church Porch.*

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in PRINT ;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

—*Byron : English Bards.*

BAKER—" We grant, although he had much *wit*,
He was very shy of using it.
As, being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holiday or so,
As men their apparel do."

—*Butler : Hudibras, Part I, Canto I, line 15.*

BINSWANGER, A. CAESAR—" Upon what meat doth this our CAESAR feed,
That he is grown so great ? "

—*Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Scene 2.*

BREWER—" WITTY as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Graccus."

—*Sydney Smith : Impromptu.*

" A college JOKE to cure the dumps."

—*Swift : Cassinus and Peter.*

CLARK—" The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."
—*Goldsmith.*

CLAYTON—" *Syllables* govern the world."
—*Selden : Power.*

CLIFT—" Patience and shuffle the cards."
—*Don Quixote.*

COCKEY—" Neither cast ye your pearls before swine."
—*Matthew vii, 6.*

CONRAD—" The solitary MONK who shook the world."
—*R. Montgomery.*

DANKMEYER—" None but himself can be his *parallel.*"
—*L. Theobald.*

DARNALL—" Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind ;
And to PARTY gave up what was meant for mankind."
—*Goldsmith : Retaliation.*

DEMING—" He has paid dear, very dear, for his WHISTLE."
—*B. Franklin : The Whistle.*

" He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And *whistled* as he went, for want of thought."
—*Dryden : Cymon Iphigenia.*

DIMARCO—" Egregiously an *ass.*"
—*Shakespeare : Othello.*

DIVEN—" In the multitude of *counsellors* there is safety."
—*Proverbs, xi, 14.*

DONALDSON, A. E.—" The people's *voice* is odd."
—*Pope : To Augustus.*

DONALDSON, JOSEPH H.—" *Absence* makes the heart grow fonder."
—*Bayley : Isle of Beauty.*

DONNELLY—" A *prophet* is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house."
—*Matthew, xiii. 57.*

DORSEY—" This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven ! "
—*Moore : Sacred Songs.*

ELLINGER—" Fight the good fight."

—I Timothy, vi, 12.

FAIRBANKS—" Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir."

—Canning : The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

FITCHETT—" There was, sir, in our time, one Captain Fudge, commander of merchantman, who upon his return from a voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home to his owners a good cargo of lies, insomuch that now aboard ship the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry, out, " YOU FUDGE IT."

—Remarks Upon the Navy.

FORD—" Let every man be fully *persuaded* in his own mind."

Romans, xiv, 5.

FOUNTAIN—" The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The *observed* of all observers."

—Shakespeare : Hamlet.

GRIMES—" I'd be a *butterfly ;* living a rover,
Dying when FAIR THINGS are fading away."

—T. H. Bayley.

HANN—" 'Twas whispered in Heaven,
'Twas muttered in Hell."

—Fanshawe.

" Oh ! for a forty *Parson* power."

—Byron : Don Juan.

HENNING—" Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but for the music there."

—Pope : Essay on Criticism.

HOLZKNECHT—" Facts are stubborn things."

—Smollett : Gil Blas.

HOOK—" The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

—Sir H. Taylor : Philip Von Artevelte.

HOTCHKISS—" His conversation was brief, and his desire was to be silent."

—Juvenal.

JACKSON, J. H. B.—" And after the fire a still *small voice.*"

—I Kings, xix, 12.

JACKSON, W. A.—" Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

—*Scott : Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

JONES—" 'Twas for the good of my country that I should go abroad."

KINES—" What am I ?
An *infant* crying in the night ;
An *infant* crying for the light ;
And with no language but a cry."

—*Tennyson : In Memoriam.*

KING, H. W.—" A progeny of learning."
" A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

KORB—" Hell is paved with good intentions."

—*Boswell : Johnson.*

LEVY—" Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil ?

—*Gray : Shepherd.*

LINTHICUM, W. H.—" Less prompt than prompted."

—*Dawes : Witty Sayings.*

LITTIG—" Stiff in opinions,
Always in the wrong."

—*Dryden : Absalom.*

LUTHARDT—" Get money ; still get money, boy ;
No matter by what means."

—*Every Man in His Humour.*

MADDOX—" My life is one demd horrid grind."

—*Nicholas Nickelby.*

MALOY—" I drink no more than a sponge."

—*Rabelais.*

" His tongue dropped manna,
And could make the worse
Appear the better reason."

—*Milton.*

MARRIOTT—" I am slow of study."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

MAY—" Turn over a new leaf."

—*Middleton.*

MILLER, A. H.—" Man wants but little here below, nor wants that *long*."
—*Goldsmith's Hermit.*

MILLESON—" Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the *Constable* at last."
—*Butler: Hudibras.*

MORFIT—" His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation."
—*Henry Carey: Chronontolonthologos.*

MURPHY—" A man who could make so vile a *pun* would not scruple to pick a pocket."
—*J. Dennis (1734).*

MYERS—" It's a long way from York to Baltimore."
—*Anonymous.*

NAAS—" A terrible man, with a terrible name—
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no man can speak, and none can spell."
—*Southey: March to Moscow.*

NICE—" And then the Justice, in fair round belly,
With good capon lined."
—*Shakespeare: Seven Ages of Man.*

" A nice man is a man of nasty ideas."
—*Swift: Thoughts.*

NOEL—" Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."
—*Phillips: Character of Napoleon.*

PARKER—" A successive *title*, long and dark,
Draw from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."
—*Dryden: Absalom.*

PARKS—" My only books
Were women's looks."
—*Moore.*

PEARRE—" Along the cold, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."
—*Gray: Elegy.*

POE—" O Sleep! it is a gentle thing."
—*Coleridge: Ancient Mariner.*

RICE—" Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am whole volumes in folio."
—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

ROSENBUSH—" Words, words, words ! "
—*Hamlet.*

ROSENDALE—" He that will do all that he can *lawfully*, would, if he durst, do something that is not lawful."
—*Jeremy Taylor : Sermons.*

SAPPINGTON—" He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back."
—*Goldsmith : Retaliation.*

SELDEN—" The gay Lothario."
—*Rowe : Fair Penitent.*

SHERBET—" As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em."
—*Dryden : The Wife.*

SILANCE—" Speech is but silver, and silence is gold."
—*Old Adage.*

SLINGLUFF, R. LEE.
SLINGLUFF, T. R. } " The two dromios."

STANLEY—" Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."
—*Moore : Sovereign Woman.*

THOMAS—" Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

ULMAN—" I would the Gods had made thee poetical."
—*As You Like It.*

UPSHUR—" Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."
—*Proverbs, vi, 10.*

WARFIELD—" One eare it heard, at the other out it went."
—*Chaucer : Troilus and Cresside.*

WATTS—" What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia ? "
—*Sydney Smith.*

WHEATLEY—" Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."
—*Burns : Man Was Made.*

WIDNER—" A man of strife, and a man of contention."
—*Jeremiah.*

WILLMS—" Words pay no debts."
—*Chaucer : Troilus and Creseide.*

" Man delights not me—no, nor woman either."
—*Hamlet.*



Sweet Pearre.

I've a paper you must sign, Sweet Pearre !
Come and hustle into line, Sweet Pearre !
If you don't, the boys I'll tell,
And they'll cut you bloody well ;
You will wish you were in h——
Sweet Pearre !

Mine Toasdt.

[CONTRIBUTED BY A JUNIOR, AND PUBLISHED UNDER PROTEST.]

Vee hadt one oxamination
  A kouple of veeks ago ;
It vas der tamdest mix-up
  Dat you vout vant to know.
Vee hat listened to der lectures
  Since der dird uf last October ;
Now came dose oxaminations round
  Uf vat vee hat youst vent ofver.

In dat pigg lecture hall, my friends,
  You vill find all kinds of beoples.
Hoo von tay mit der legal fame
  Vill stand up like church steaples.
Judge Harlan once asked a stoodent
  Vat larceny vas today ;
Dis pright poy sayd it vas daking
  A berson from his goodts avay.

Vee haf learndt of many esdates,
  Un of vooman's tam intention,
Youst ven und vat she ought to charge ;
  Und some dings I don't can mention.
Und infants vat goes out und buys
  Some horses and odder goods ;
Vhy dey don't haf to pay for dem
  Ain't so easy to understoods.

Vee'fe learnt in Elementary Law
  Youst how one Statute of Uses
Blayed such a prominent part
  Und stopped some strange abuses.
Den in Bersonal Broperty—
  Dot is, dings vat moves around ;
Dey are neffer any goodts or stuff
  Vats sticking alvays in der ground.

Vee half heard uf dings called fixtures,
  Und some odder dings dat are not ;
Andt all apout der lofely grass
  Vat grows all offer der lot.

Und den apout some lunatick
Vat gets married youst fer fun,
Den dies, den comes der riddle out—
Mit his money vat must pee done.

Dere is a feller in our class
I vant to deli you apout.
Judge asked vat a remainder vast,
Und dis feller he shoutted oud :
" Ids youst like a substraction sum ;
From one hundred dake swenty-five,
Den you'll find vat is offer left—
Der remainder—seventy-five."

Dere is still anodder feller—
I don't know vat is hiss name ;
But vee haf got a joke on him
Vat I vill dell you, youst de same.
He says partition vas a ding
Vats hammered up mit boardts und nails,
Made up so high, so pigg und strong,
Like der valls apout our jails.

Und der is one called Judge Hartman—
Everypoddy knows hiss name :
Every dime he talks his face out
I gets me one awful pain.
" Is dry codfish a goodt drade-mark ? "
Dot question a stoodent had ;
" Vell, I don't like cod-liver oil—
Den I vill say it's badt."

I'fe giffen you an idea
Uf some mempers uf our class,
Und der tay is quick approaching
Ven dese happy tays vill pass.
I hopes success vill be your friendt,
Andt your bosition be quidte high,
Und may our friendship neffer stopp
'Till each man uf us vill die.

Overheard at a Quiz on Evidence.

SCENE : Well-filled Lecture-room.

(*Enter Honorable John P. Poe amid tumultuous applause.*) Day before examination.

Mr. Poe—Gentlemen, this is the last chance I shall have of testing your legal abilities before the examination, so I shall immediately proceed without any preliminary remarks. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Poe—Mr. Armstrong !

Mr. A.—*Present.*

Mr. Poe—Mr. Armstrong, on what principle do the courts exempt attorneys-at-law from giving in evidence the secrets communicated to them by their clients ?

Mr. A.—There are two, Mr. Poe.

Mr. Poe—What are they ?

Mr. A.—First, because being lawyers, the attorneys are naturally addicted to falsifying ; and, second, because of the well-settled rule that "the Devil protects his own."

Mr. Poe—Well, why do they exclude such communications between husband and wife, Mr. Luthardt ?

Mr. L.—Because it would be a useless waste of time to admit them. Secrets which husbands tell to their wives very soon become matters of such public knowledge that the courts take judicial notice thereof.

Mr. Poe—Now, Mr. Dimarco, the case is *X vs. Y.*, and the burden of proof is on Y. Y offers no evidence, and X puts in a prayer to instruct the jury that there is no evidence tending to prove the fact in issue, and that their verdict must be for X. Who is entitled to recover ?

Mr. D.—Well, where a sheriff ———

Mr. Poe—No, this has nothing to do with a sheriff.

Mr. D.—But suppose the sheriff had not summoned the defendant ?

Mr. Poe—Well, we are going on the supposition that he has been summoned, and that all the subsequent procedure is perfectly correct.

Mr. D.—Then the defendant would have to plead within fifteen ———

Mr. Poe—Mr. Donnelly, you answer it.

Mr. Donnelly—What is the—why—question, Mr. Poe ?

Mr. Poe (repeats the question)—Who is entitled to recover ?

Mr. Donnelly—Why ———

Mr. Poe—No, X is entitled. I would recommend to your careful perusal the chapter relating to prayers, which, I am sure, in your present state of mind, you will find both novel and instructive. Now, when must a dying declaration be made, in order to be admitted in evidence ?

Mr. Donnelly—Why, a dying declaration must be made—why—before the victim—why—for example, dies.

Mr. Poe—Someone is smoking. Whoever it is, I wish he would discontinue it, as it is extremely obnoxious to those who do not use tobacco. (*Mr. Clift retires in confusion.*)

Mr. Hook—Mr. Poe, if the existence *vel non.* of a hole in the ground be in issue, is it necessary to produce it in court as the best evidence ?

(*Mr. Poe ignores the question, and the class absent-mindedly hum "I guess that will 'hole' you for awhile."*)

Mr. Poe—Mr. Nice, what is a notice to produce ?

Mr. Nice—A nervy request to the other side, asking them to prove our side of the case for us.

Mr. Poe—Well, what is a bill of discovery ?

Mr. Nice—A means of rubber-necking into the secrets of the opposition.

Mr. Poe—Mr. Dimarco, what is a bill of exceptions ?

Mr. D.—Well, when a sheriff ———

Mr. Poe—Mr. Kines !

Mr. K.—Here.

Mr. Poe—Answer that question.

Mr. K.—A bill of exceptions is a written statement, framed by a big-headed lawyer who thinks he knows more than the judge.

Mr. Poe (scratching his head)—You gentlemen seem to understand the subject fairly well, but your answers are hardly what I had hoped for. Now, Mr. Rice, if a client came into your office ———

Mr. Rice (*sotto voce, with his eyes toward Heaven*)—God willing !

Mr. Poe (*continuing*)—To employ you to try a case for him, and after you had won it, refused to pay your fee, what action would you bring against him ?

Mr. Rice (*promptly*)—An action on the case. (*Derisive cries of "Outside !" "Outside !"*)

Mr. Poe—Mr. Maloy, what is hearsay evidence ?

Mr. Maloy—A lie, which, if found out, we blame on someone else.

(*Enter Mr. Runge with a torch, amid cries of "Diogenes !" "Rubber !" "Goddess of Liberty !" etc.*)

Mr. Poe—Mr. Selden, in a certain case, the existence *vel non.* of an inscription on the Washington Monument is material to the issue. In order to prove this inscription is it necessary to bring the monument into court ?

Mr. Selden—Oh ! no, sir. All you have to do is to cut the inscription out and bring that in.

Mr. Poe—Now, Mr. Dimarco, a man is arrested for killing a Spaniard. What is necessary to be shown in order to establish the crime ?

Mr. D.—Well, when a sheriff ———

Mr. Poe (*vehemently*)—If you tell me anything more about that blankety-blank-bank sheriff, I'll soak you with this board-rubber. Mr. Donnelly !

Mr. Donnelly—Why, Mr. Poe, the case of *Dinky Dink versus Blinky Bink,* 47 Oklahoma, page steen, covers that question.

Mr. Poe—Why, Mr. Donnelly, I never heard of that case.

Mr. Donnelly—Well, Mr. Poe, that's not my fault.

Mr. Poe—Gentlemen, as the hour is up, we must discontinue this interesting discourse. The examination will take place tomorrow, and judging from the answers you have given me today, I am sorry to say, I see your finish. Remember, that in an examination, ignorance of the law is no excuse. (*Starts to go out, when he is stopped by Mr. Dimarco.*)

Mr. D.—Mr. Poe, if a sheriff ———

Mr. Poe (*as he exits hurriedly*)—*! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !*

A Note of Warning.



ENTLEMEN'S fon der Glass uf Nein und Ninezig !
Der dime is rife vor lawyers,
More as der merrier ;
But doan't forgot dot dings vas nodt alvays as ven
George Vashington vas a poy
Mitt his leedle sherry-dree.
Sherries vas nodt rife, ain'd it ?
No use is id again too loffe der Brofessor vat haf
More dalkin in der rooms mitt has vace
As bractice on der oudsite.
Der age of Embeerilisms ist mitt us,
Und, like der paloon, id hafs ids
Expansions ;
Ver is id der man ven he himself insides haf more as von
Lager-Peers,
Vot doan belief himself greater feel as he shud haf peen.
Aldso der man-in-laws, like der mutter-in-laws,
In der virst summer uf his swell-hettness,
Dinking lifelihoods vas von bleasant reawakenessess,
Gomes togeder der realismmzz uf life mit.
Is id as Der Herr Bresidendt wud haf doldt us,
(Hadt id nodt vas vor dose Sbanish mules by Matanza),
Brosberity ist ubon us mitt bodth veet.
Brosberity oder brosberity nidt,
Herr Noah had himself to builtet saidt Arc
Too kros der tides uf vortune.
Der jung lawyer must himself builtet sum Arcs.
Nodt enouf vill idt pe too godt
Der visdom uf der Raths-Kellar, nodt more as
Der outsbokenesszzz uf Brofessors.
As der vas more as two dousand uf lawyers in der drolley-down uf Paldimore,
Many oders vas goming like Xmaseszzz ;
Vell can der hesitanzy uf 'esdadors.
Der sheepnessess uf lamps.
Bosess der heafing prest-brodectors uf juny lawyers—
Und der vas oder blaces roundt-apoudt.
No madder vat mutter und fadder, your frents und relations,
Dink uf der prightvulness und aggomblishmendts
Vat leedle Villie in himsel haf :
Dink nodt yoursel vonce more too schine as von Electrik-lighdt.
Id vas bedder py near to go ouid in der pack-yardt on

Von tark nighdt mitt candtles und sawdt voodt. Ain'd id ?
Ven you haf yoursel sawdt der candles onid ;
Dot promo-zeltser veelings in der hett vill you nodt longer
Emparass.
A vord inteed ist von tay in dime.
Goming too der par ist der peginnings uf awl der efils,
Der furder ve vas togedder der nearer ve vas avay,
Und der endt uf der peginnings vas near uf leedle Villie
Doand't himsel sum vood sawdt,
As ve saidt (in der shokeness uf lawyers), pevore, pehindt und awl-aroundt.
On der oder handts, dink yoursel somepody ven you somedings too do haf.
Venefer and vatefer enypody asks yoursel uf you pizy vas,
No madder who vas a liar, alvays saidt : " Oh ! you cand't pelief yourself how pizy
I vas ! " Dot vas peezness, ain'd id ?
Bolitiks ist nodt dot insbirations too haf peen longt vor,
Der leg ist longer made as vour inchez.
Nefer dell der oder man alreaty yed vat nicks uf von man's peezness ist id.
Doo dreat von frent mitt a glass uf peer furder goes as
Dwo parties uf theadre-laties.
Blease doand't remember doo vorfot dot peautiful ver-zi-visi :

Doo der lawyer pelongs der sboils,
Doo der gliendt leaf awlone der soils
Uf his veets,
Vor uf kourse,
Der leedler he godts,
Nodings ist id he vandts.



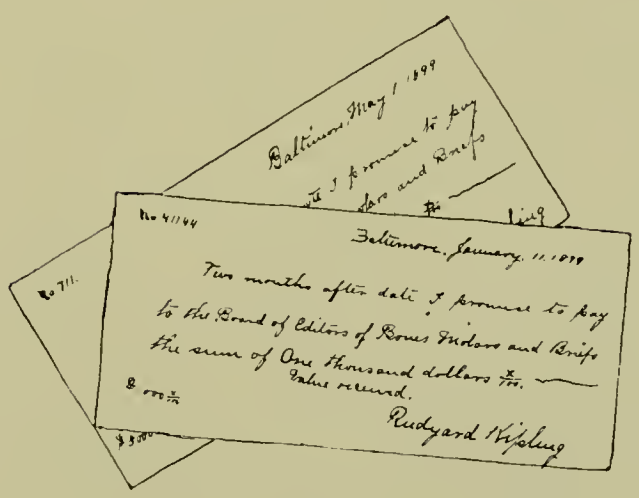
Practice at the Bar.

Tale of the Re(a)d Man.

Gentle reader, pause and listen
To the wisdom here unfolded ;
To the Tale of Bill the Broncho,
Of his tribe down at the Law School :
Many moons ago they gathered
From the mountains and the valley,
From the wigwams of their papas,
Came they here with bag and baggage ;
Hoping, waiting, cussing, praying,
That some day they might be lawyers.
Learned in the game of chin chin,
Even so as Poe, Poe, Johnnie,
Or with voice as smooth and oily
As the stoic Gans, Gans, Eddie.
Long they listened to the pow-wows,
Till the year of ninety-nine came ;
Then the tribe thought of their future,
And they longed to hit the war trail,
And to drain from some slick clients
All the wampum in their purses.
So they chose one for their chieftain—
One named Brewer, known as Jimmie—
And he led them to a sheep-fold,
Where each man a sheep-skin pilfered,
And they wrapped them round their bodies.
Thus attired they looked for trouble.
And to some the road was stony ;
Others found the path dead easy ;
And they said, " The Law is cinchy,"
In the language of the Bowery.
Still some others sought their wig-wams
And the grass grew round about them.
" Come and do some honest labor,"
Cried the squaws unto their jiglets,
But they sat and starved in silence,
Till one day they ate their sheep-skins,
And in language quite sulphuric
They consigned their pipe-dream clients
To the outskirts of Gehenna,
In the land of Gotohello.

* * * * *

They are scattered now forever,
Noble band of Ninety-Niners ;
But a few called Kappa Sigmas,
Ever faithful, ever faithful,
Meet and smoke the pleasant peace-pipe
As they swop the festive lie-lie ;
Drinking, drinking, fire-water,
Till they don't know what t'e'll Bill.
There are Puck and Judge, the twinlets ;
Next Forgetit, and the Parson ;
Then from Cork comes Pat and Murphy,
Hop the Hairy, Clark the Skullion,
Hay-seed Ollie, Why-Why Donnie,
Broncho Bill and his friend Tommie,
Come like Pythias and Damon.
Ah ! those braves there, they are happy.
All those knockers and rag-chewers—
So, kind reader, we will leave them.
May they prosper, may they prosper !


Baltimore, January 11, 1899
No. 41164
Baltimore, January 11, 1899
Two months after date I promise to pay
to the Board of Editors of Bones Indoors and Briefs
the sum of One thousand dollars
Value received.
Rudyard Kipling

"American Notes," by Rudyard Kipling.

A Nighthorse.

ONCE upon a time there was a dream. The chair at the Frat. was very comfortable ; the pool table gradually faded from view, and the whirr and click of the balls became less distinct. It seemed to be Saturday night. I was in a crowd that did squeak and gibber.

"Is this the Senate ?" I asked, with seeming boldness, for I was sore afraid. There came no answer, for every eye was turned to one Senator from Kentucky.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I will not be able to speak much tonight," and the applause was deafening, but he continued to orate, and as he spoke, some mocked, some turned away their heads, and some believed. Even as I gazed, the Grand Sachem banged a huge club on the high desk, walking to and fro on the dais with a step very like the gait of old Peter Stuyvesant, some time Governor of New Amsterdam. He thus addressed his minions :

"We must have order. I feel able to put down any unruly spirits. Indeed, I have put down many kinds of spirits today in celebration of our victory over M. A. C."

The noise which followed carried me out, and I was borne up, up, up, till I landed in the dissecting room. I gave thanks for being on terra firma again, as my Lord Coke sayeth :

> "On a bier lay the form of a woman;
> . . . She did not seem as dead,
> But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

Beside the body stood a youth. Great sobs shook his sturdy frame and burning tears fell thick and fast.

"Why criest ?" asked I, laying my hand gently on his shoulder. "Wast a relative of thine, or, perchance, a friend ?"

He evaded my question. "Some dental scullion has pulled all the teeth out of my stiff !" and he fell, quite overcome, into my arms.

"Here," said I, thinking to cheer him, "take this amputated hand and throw it through that round window. It will fall on the Law Lecturer, and he will get off a joke about mortmain." But he thrust me rudely aside.

In despair I went to the Law Library, the profligate extravagance of which caused me great anguish. The student should learn to seek after knowledge; here it is forced on him. In this library are many rare books now out of print, which if once lost could only be replaced by an arduous search among waste paper dealers. Chains should be provided for such books, like those on the illuminated missals in old cathedrals. Yet, withal, much credit is due the library in that it strives to treat all writers with equal favor, rich and poor, good and bad. A forcible example of this is the library Blackstone, which is comprised of one volume each of Chitty and Cooley, thus avoiding all appearance of favoritism. This will do away with that petty quibbling which is so shocking among writers of books.

While still investigating, a cheer so loud as to wake me was given, for the "blasé old rounder" had made a point in bottle pool.



"On His Honor."

Song of the Shirk.

After Tom Hood.

(*Several Laps.*)

With thoughts of girls in his head,
  And pleasures forbidden to him,
He wades knee-deep in his law-books,
  With eyes blood-shot and dim.

Cram, cram, cram,
  While his room-mate lies in his bunk ;
But as for him, no rest is nigh,
  For he must cram or flunk.

Bone, bone, bone,
  While the morning draweth nigh ;
And bone, bone, bone,
  Through volumes musty and dry.

'Twere better to be a policeman
  And flirt with the servant maid,
Than to get a musty sheep-skin
  And be so poorly paid.

O, clients with money to burn ;
  O, juries so hard to convince ;
'Tis not all lawyers who earn enough
  To live in style like a prince.

Bone, bone, bone,
  Through libraries wide and deep,
While honest men are home in bed
  Enjoying refreshing sleep.

For while the grind was working
  He wasted the hours in play ;
Poker, baseball and hockey,
  He studied night and day.

Cram, cram, cram,
  With prospects dreary and dark :
Cram, cram, cram,
  To get a passing mark.

For now he has "cold feet,"
R. E. Morse sits by his side.
It's oh! for the lectures he has cut,
The quizzes from which he's hied.

Then grind, grind, grind,
O'er maxims of Equity;
And grind, grind, grind,
His finish we can see.

Oh! but for one short beer,
With foam however deep!
A raw-beef sandwich on the side
And onions in a heap;

A flowing stein would ease his nerves,
Bring rest unto his brain;
But work he must in smoke and dust,
And sing this sad refrain:

Bone, bone, bone,
Through libraries wide and deep,
While honest men are home in bed
Enjoying refreshing sleep.

◆

G. V. C.—No, three of a kind don't always beat two pair; for instance, two pair of aces.

Constitutional Law.

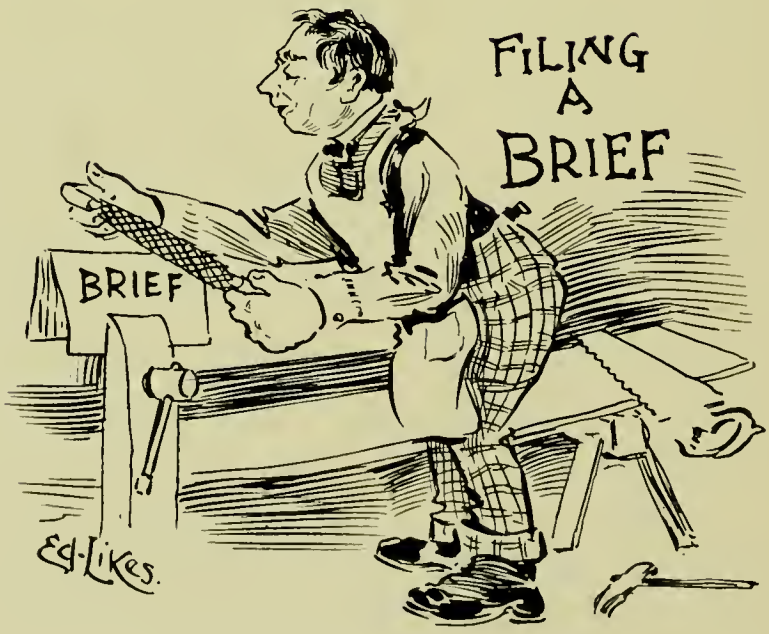
Major V.—What is meant by the Police Power?
J. L. V. M.—The Irish.

Mr. K.—Judge, if a house is left to a man for his life, and he holds over after his term expires, what would happen?
Judge H.—The house would be haunted.

Bills and Notes.

Mr. P.—Will someone give me his idea of a circulating medium?
Mr. S. (*librarian*)—The books supposed to be in our library.


ARGUMENT
NAILING
AN
ARGUMENT
Ed-Likes


FILING
A
BRIEF
BRIEF
Ed-Likes.

Well Hardly.

We have heard all about the " chimney-sweep's " case,
  Also of the carpenters, six.
Likewise how the Rule in Shelley's Case
  Puts conveyances into a fix.
Now, some students may not be familiar with these,
  Nor know what their questions may be ;
But I'll bet there's not one in Ninety and Nine
  Who hasn't read H. vs. J. G.*

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*33 Maryland Reports.

◆

Quiz Class.

The question is : " What will you have ? "

And the answer is : " The same."

◆

A question that stumps full many a youth
  In a Real Prop. examination
Is, Give an example of estate on cond.
  And one on cond. limitation.

◆

A Baer Story.

I give my farm, " Cherry Grove," to my son John for life.

◆

She Came for Justice.

SHE had appealed the case from a Justice of the Peace. In the Baltimore City Court she had the air of an injured one, and her answers to questions on cross-examination were pert and bordering on facetiousness. In response to a question as to who appeared before the Justice, she replied :

" The plaintiff, my witness, the plaintiff's shyster and myself."

" Was not the Justice there ? " queried the cross-examiner.

" JUSTICE ! JUSTICE ! " she almost screamed, " There was no *JUSTICE* there. I came here to get *Justice*."

The Study of the Law as a Training for the Mind.

ONE of the great advantages of studying law is the cultivation of the faculty of mental analysis. The average layman has no conception of the effect produced by this habitual training of the mind to observe closely, to define distinctly; to look under and over and around every object and subject submitted to it. Yet this is the training devised and applied by the University, and which must be achieved by the student before he is fitted to take a champion's place in the great intellectual arena. Thus trained, one can see beauties and solve mysteries never noted before in the simplest problems or situations. Whatever meaning, sentiment or purpose lies concealed in a sentence heretofore regarded as barren and commonplace reveals itself to the trained analytic and argumentative mind. In evidence of this I will give one simple illustration :

When I was a boy, the first reading lesson I came to after learning to spell words of two syllables, was a description of a "good boy." It undertook to tell the little reader what a good boy was, and how to be cherubically good, and the first sentence so impressed itself upon me that I have never forgotten it, although at that time—my mind not having been developed and trained for the legal profession—I read and remembered it only in a general and superficial sort of way, without enjoying its intensity and force as since revealed to me. This description was :

"A good boy eats what is set before him." It was a brief but beautiful sentence and calculated to stimulate the average boy to a faithful imitation of the paragon described. I have lived religiously up to the qualification, and am, therefore, entitled to speak upon the subject.

Now this is the way a lawyer would look at it : Thus, the sentence is : "A good boy eats what is set before him."

Who does ? "A" good boy. Not "the" good boy, or any particular, definite, individual boy ; but "a" good boy; that is, *any* and every good boy. It applies to all boys who aspire to goodness, and not to the single good boy of the school known to you and me, who always smelled of mutton-tallow and died young.

But it is not only " a " boy, but a " good " boy. It is the " good " boy who is an expansionist in a quiet, solemn and serious way, for that kind of a boy has very little other happiness. He is usually very sedate, wall-eyed and sorrowful, as if his goodness oppressed him, and is revered and despised with equal intensity and enthusiasm by his classmates.

But further : A good what ? A good " boy." Not a girl or a sissy-boy. Just a plain, every-day boy ; or as a philosopher describes him, a " biped without feathers," and he should have added, with a vermiform appendix.

Now " a good boy " does what ? He " eats." He doesn't drink. He simply inserts nutritious pabulum into the denticulated orifice below the nasal protuberance, which being masticated peregrinates through the castil-aginous cavities of the larynx and finally is domiciliated into the receptacle for digestible particles.

Now, he eats " what ? " Whatever comes to hand or mouth. He is omniverous. He is indifferent. He eats " what," which is tantamount to " whatever," and shows his utter and abject devotion to duty.

He eats what " *is* " set before him. Not what was or may be set set before him. But what " is." It is the present that he deals with—not futures. It is the eternal now that appeals to his obedient and submissive appetite and enables him to distinguish himself by conforming to an agreeable qualifi-cation.

He eats what is " set " before him. It must be right there ; still, solid, stationary, substantial. Not on the run ; not grabbed and hustled away. But what is voluntarily and safely and comfortably " set " before him.

Now, set where ? Set " before " him. Not behind him or on either side of him. It must be right in front of him, where he will be up against it in good shape, so that he can use his knife and fork properly and gracefully. It must be on the side his mouth is on, for a good boy is not otherwise described as active enough or sufficiently accomplished to eat backwards.

It must be before whom ? Before " him." It must not be before another boy or a bad boy, for if it is, his goodness would not be in it—nor would the goodies be in him.

Thus it is that legal studies discipline and train the mind to analyze, dissect and examine every syllable, word and sentence, and to bring out beauties and meanings in infinite variety, where the commonplace and undis-ciplined mental motor would glide superficially over the surface. Even behind or within the simplest subject or expression lie concealed thoughts, ideas and suggestions which only the legally trained mind will detect and disclose.

Prof. Baer's Story of Mike's Partition of a House.

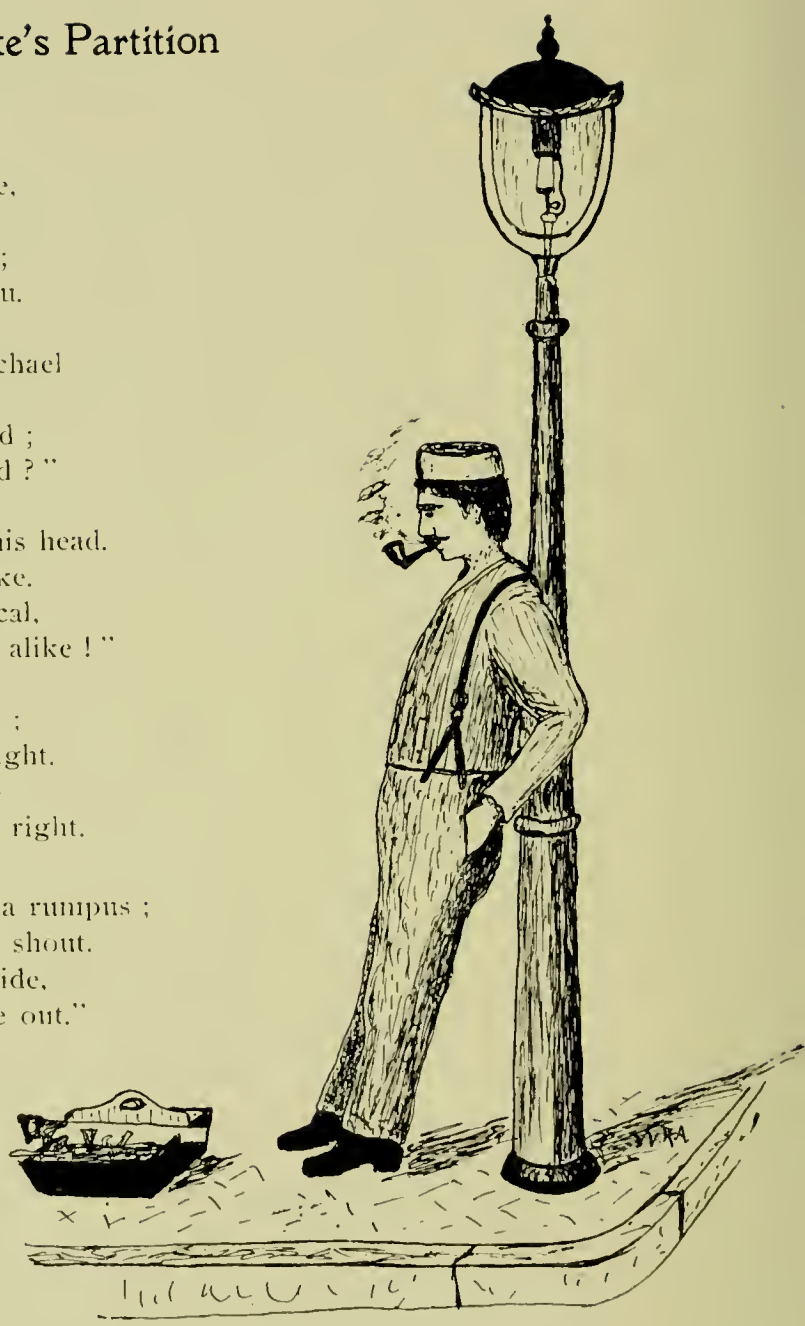
"Arrah! Mister McAfee,
Tell me what to do.
I'm in a site of trouble;
So here I come to you.

"Me and me brother Michael
Owns a bit of land;
I want the thing divided;
So do you understand?"

Lawyer Mac, he nods his head.
"Bring in Brother Mike.
See here, you Irish rascal,
You share and share alike!"

"Begorra I have fixed it;
Please don't raise a fight.
I've divided it in two—
So, sure, I know I'm right.

"Now, then, don't raise a rumpus;
Please don't fuss and shout.
You see, I took the inside,
And Pat took all the out."



Mechanic's Lean

RULES

Adopted by the Court of Appeals Regulating Admission to the Bar.

THE Court of Appeals has formulated rules to guide the Board of Law Examiners of applicants for admission to the Bar, under Act of Assembly, passed at the last Session of the Legislature. The Examiners are Arthur George Brown, of Baltimore ; John S. Wirt, of Elkton, and Benjamin A. Richmond, of Cumberland.

The rules read as follows :

1. All applications for admission to the bar shall be made by petition to the Court of Appeals. The petition shall be under oath, and shall state :

(*a*) The full name, age, residence and place of birth of the applicant.

(*b*) If the petitioner shall apply for admission as a member of the bar of another State or of the courts of the United States, pursuant to Section 6 of Chapter 139 of the Act of 1898, the petitioner shall state that he is now an actual resident of this State, and shall further name the State in which and the court by which the petitioner was admitted to the bar, and shall also state that the petitioner has, for at least five years before filing his said petition, been engaged as a practitioner or teacher of the law or a judge in such State, the petitioner shall file with his petition a copy of his license to practice, duly certified, or a copy of the record of the court in which he was so admitted, certified as required by law for the authentication of the records of courts of other States when offered as evidence in the courts of this State.

The petitioner shall also file a certificate of a judge of the State in which he was so admitted or a certificate from two members of the bar of this State certifying how long they have known the applicant, and that he is not a person of bad or dissolute habits, but of good moral character, and that he has never, so far as known to the person or persons certifying, been guilty of any criminal or disgraceful conduct, and that he is, at the time of such certificate, a member of the bar in good standing, and that he has been actively engaged as a practitioner or teacher of the law, or judge in such State for at least five years before the filing of his said petition.

(*c*) If the petitioner shall not apply foradmission as a member of the bar of another State, the petition shall further state :

That the petitioner has studied law in the office of a member of the bar of this State, or in a school of the United States for at least two years, and while so studying the law, he diligently pursued the course of study prescribed by Rule 5.

The petitioner shall file with his petition a certificate from the member of the bar in whose office he studied, or, if the petitioner studied in a law school, a certificate from the president, dean or any instructor of such school, certifying that the petitioner has pursued under his direction for at least two years the course of study prescribed in Rule 5, and that the petitioner is not a person of bad or dissolute habits, but of good moral character, and that he has never, so far as known to the person certifying, been guilty of any criminal or disgraceful conduct.

The certificates hereinbefore provided shall be *prima facie* evidence of the facts stated in them.

The petition shall be filed at least ten days before the day fixed for an examination by the State Board of Law Examiners.

2. All applicants for admission to the bar, including members of the bar of other States, shall pay a fee of $25 at the time of filing their petition.

No petition will be considered or referred to the State Board of Law Examiners until said fee is paid to the treasurer of the said Board.

3. All applications for admission to the bar of other States shall be referred to the State Board of Examiners, who shall examine the applicants as to their qualifications to practice law.

4. The Board of Law Examiners shall meet twice annually, once in the month of June and once in the month of November, at such place in the State of Maryland as said Board may determine, for the purpose of conducting such examination. Thirty days' public notice of the time and place of meeting shall be given. The said court shall hold such meetings for the purpose of conducting examinations at such time and place and on such notice as may be directed by the Court of Appeals from time to time by special orders.

5. All examinations shall be in writing. All applicants shall be examined by said Board on each of the following subjects : (1) Elementary Law, (2) Contracts, (3) Torts, (4) Wills and the Administration of Estates, (5) Corporations, (6) Evidence, (7) Equity, (8) Real Property, (9) Personal Property, (10) Criminal Law, (11) Domestic Relations, (12) Plead-

ing and Practice at Law and in Equity, at Common Law, and in Maryland, (13) Constitutional Law, (14) International Law, (15) Legal Ethics.

The Board may, at its election, in addition to the written examination, examine orally any or all of the applicants.

The State Board of Law Examiners may prescribe rules for the conduct of examinations, provided that the applicant be allowed at least six hours in which to prepare the answers in the written examination.

6. The State Board of Law Examiners shall, as soon as practicable after such examination, file their report. They shall file with their report a copy of the questions asked and all the replies. The report shall also state the conclusions of said Board, as to the qualifications of all applicants, and shall recommend in the case of each person examined that he be or be not admitted to the bar.

7. The names and places and residences of all persons recommended by said Board for admission to the bar, shall be published once a week for three successive weeks in two daily newspapers published in the City of Baltimore, before the day fixed for the ratification of the report of the State Board of Law Examiners.

If no exceptions are filed to the report of the Board of Law Examiners within thirty days after their report is filed, the recommendations contained in the report shall be adopted, the action of the Board ratified, and the applicants admitted or rejected, as recommended by the Board.

If exceptions to the report of the Board shall be filed, such exceptions shall be heard and decided by the court. In case the exceptions shall be filed to the recommendation of the Board that any applicant shall be not admitted to the bar, and the exceptions relate to the qualification of the applicant to practice law, no new examination will be held, but the exception heard and determined on an examination of the applicant's answers to the questions asked him. If the exception relates to the moral character of the applicant, the exceptant and the applicant shall have the right to produce evidence in support of or against their exception before the court or before an examiner appointed for the purpose of taking the testimony.

8. When it shall be determined by the Court of Appeals that an applicant is qualified to practice law and is of good moral character, an order will be passed directing that he be admitted to the bar on taking the oath required of a member of the bar by the Maryland Code of Public General Laws, Article 10, Section 10.

9. The members of the Board of Law Examiners shall be entitled to the sum of ten dollars per day for every day actually spent in the discharge of

their duties, and all their traveling and other expenses, provided the fees and expenses of said Board shall not exceed the sum paid by applicants as fees.

Order of the Court.

The court passed the following order :

Ordered by the Court of Appeals of Maryland, this second day of June, Anno Domini 1898, that the aforegoing rules, relating to the application for admission to the bar, be and the same are hereby adopted, subject to such alterations, amendment or revision as may hereafter from time to time be made, if deemed expedient.

James McSherry.
William Shepard Bryan.
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◆



A Popular "Case" for Students.

Self-Descriptive Verses.

By Sundry Individuals.

ONE of the editors of this book prepared quite an elaborate little article in which the Faculty and most of the graduating class figured according to their various peculiarities, but by an accident (fortunate or unfortunate, as the gentle reader may think) all of the manuscript, except the fragment given below, was lost. The original idea embraced something on the order of a comic opera. This is stated because there might be a mistake as to what was really meant by the effusions here given.

The scene is laid in the Library (blessed haunt) of the University. The usual crowd is assembled, and the characters do their stunts for its benefit.

(*Judge Harlan enters amid thunderous applause, and with a sweet smile sings*):

The great boy Judge,
Abominating fudge,
With scornful looks severe
Speaks to the students here.
With roving eagle eye
Disorder he will spy,
And throw the rowdy out
Who dares to raise a shout,
Or smokes a cigarette,
Or somewhat funny get;
Discipline, he'll insist,
Of student life's the gist.
But with his faults aside—
The boy Judge is our pride.

(Enter Willy Brantly, member of the Faculty, he of contract fame, a good soul with a prodigious memory. None know him but to love him, etc. Willy sings in dulcet tones) :

I'm modest Willy Brantly,
Who can offhand instantly
  Quote any given case ;
Spout the life of my Lord Coke,
Tell how the warriors spoke
  At bloody Chevy Chase.
My learning is deep and sure,
Many an essay, brochure,
  Comes from my fertile mind ;
For reports from ev'ry State
Deep within my little pate
A place somewhere I find.

(Enter Taswell Thomas, amid a chorus of hoots and jeers, catcalls, hisses and open curses, which he receives with an imbecilic smirk, seeming to think it a fine thing to be despised by all the students, and considered by the Faculty the greatest chump they ever taught. He advances and after throwing out his chest and adjusting his halo, sings in a thirty-cent voice) :

I am the most self-righteous kid
  That ever came to pass.
I thought myself a martyr, I did ;
  But all knew that I was an ——!

I tried to do the squealing act,
  To " trun " my classmates down,
Not grasping the quite patent fact
  That I was playing clown.

Next time I think I'll show some sense
  And act less like a fool,
Not make myself like thirty cents
  By running down the school.

(Enter Watts and Baker, their hands full of notices to attend a caucus having for its object the adoption of a plan of campaign by the

"Students' Anti-Swearing, Non-Smoking, Anti-Winking-at-Girls and Prohibition Society." They advance with a tired, lost-by-three-votes expression, and, after distributing a few tracts, sing in an Amen voice the following doleful ditty) :

We are Watts and Baker,
Yale man and a Quaker,
  Politicians hot.
We thought to work the class
With holy Moses gas
  And other like rot.

We long decried drinking,
At Lombard's queens winking,
  We were saintly dears.
But, Oh ! we hate to tell
The story known so well—
  Please excuse our tears ;

For we were not in it,
Not a single minute,
  With that drunken crew.
The Fates were dead "agin us,"
With votes they did pin us.
  Our hopes upward flew.

(Thus the various characters pass in review, receiving salutations in accordance with their popularity and different grades of chumpiness, until the thing seems liable to be continued to a too late hour, but just as we are wondering how to stop off the registering of bad meters, Major Venable enters behind an enormous expanse of white vest, and after setting aside three Supreme Court decisions, sings in a high falsetto voice) :

I am Major Venable,
To no law amenable
  In the matter of cocktails ;
Winter's gone and Summer's here,
Nothing care I for light beer,
  Excepting when the Bock fails.

I know that this crowd is dry,
And in the same boat am I;
So of this scheme what do you think?
Without any more suspense,
And solely at my expense,
Let's go out and get a drink.

It is needless to state that the curtain falls on a scene of riotous approval of the Major's suggestion.







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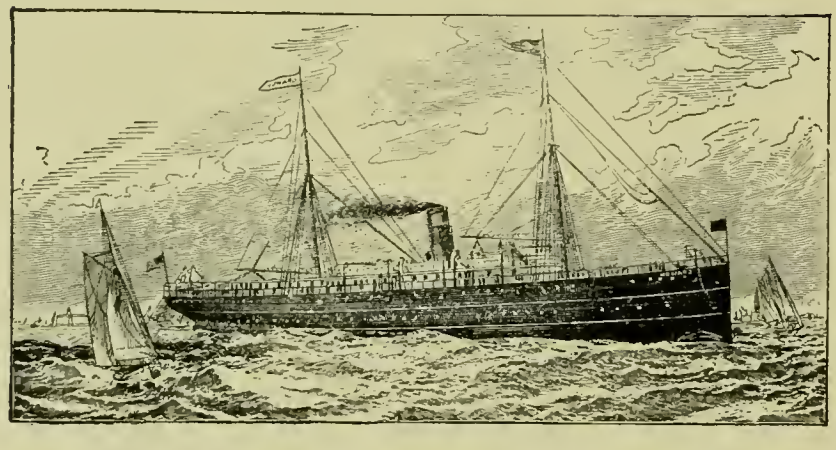
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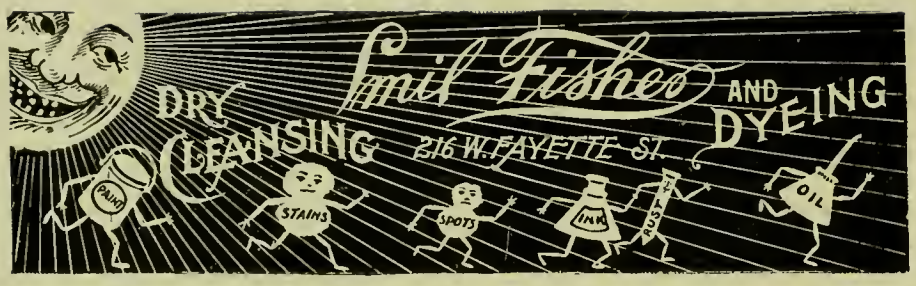
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